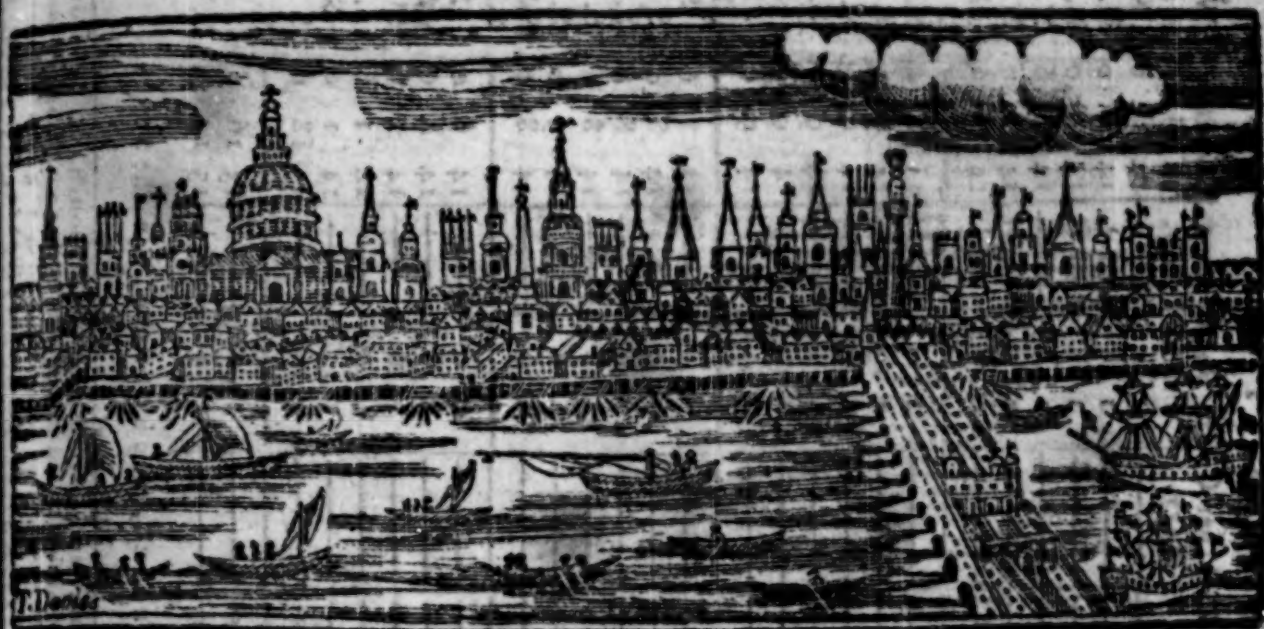


The LONDON MAGAZINE.



Or, GENTLEMAN's *Monthly Intelligencer*;

For SEPTEMBER, 1770.

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WITH

A Humorous Print of a late UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURE at YORK;
And a VIEW of the PAGODA, MOSQUE, &c. in the PRINCESS DOWAGER's
Garden at KEW.

LONDON: Printed for R. BALDWIN, at No. 47. in Pater-noster Row;
Of whom may be had complete Sets, from the Year 1732, to the present Time; ready bound
or stitched, or any single Month to complete Sets.

PRICES OF STOCKS, &c. in SEPTEMBER, 1770.

	Bank Stock	India Stock	Sou. Sea, Stock	Old S. S. Ann.	New S. S. Ann.	3 per C. confol.	3 per C. reduced	3 1/2 per C. 1758.	3 1/2 per C. 1756.	4 per C. confol.	4 per C. Navy.	In. Bond. Prem.	Long. Ann.	Lottery Tickets	Wind at Deal	Weather
154	154		Shut	84		86	Shut	90	100	Shut		1 19	26	14	6	London
151				84		86		90				1 19	26	14	6	Calra
142				84		86		90				1 19	26	14	6	S. W.
154				84	85	86		90				2 0	26	14	6	Cloudy
151				84		86		90				2 1	26	14	6	Fair
154				84		86		90				2 1	26	14	6	Cloudy
Sunday														14	9	Cloudy
153		227 1/2				86						2 0		14	9	Fair
154						85						2 19		14	9	Fair
Sunday						85						2 0		14	9	Fair
133		228 1/4		84	85	85		90				2 4	26	14	9	Rain
153					85	85		90				2 0		14	9	Cloudy
153		229		84	85	84		90				2 0		14	9	Fair
153				84	84	84		88				2 6	Shut	14	9	Rain
150		227		83	83	84		87				2 6		14	9	Rain
Sunday														14	9	air
148	224			83	82	83		87				2 0		14	6	Hot
146	222			82	80	83		85				1 8		14	4	Hot
145	220			82	80	81		85				1 16		14	4	Windy
143	216			82	79	80		84				1 4		14	2	Fair
140	209			81	79	80		83				1 13		14	1	Fair
138	201			80				84				1 12		13	18	Fair
Sunday																Rain
136	187			79 1/2	78 1/2	75 1/2		84 1/2				1 6		13	16	Rain
136	187			76	75	70		83				1 4	24 1/2	13	15	Rain
136									100					13	15	Rain

CHARLES CORBETT, at No. 30, facing St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-Street, Stock-Broker, who buys and sells in the Stocks.
by Commission, and transacts the Lottery Business as usual.

Mark-Lane Exchange	Reading	Basingstoke.	Farnham.	Henley	Cambridge.	York.	Gloucester.	Hereford.	Monmouth.	London.
Wheat 28s. od. to 33s.	91. to 101. o	71. od to 81.	81. os. to 101.	101 os load	17s to 19 gr.	14s to 35 qu	5s 6d bushel	5s 6d bushel	5s bush. 10 gal	Hay per load 27s. to 30.
Barley 22s. od. to 27s.	15s. to 20s.	14s. to 16s.	15s. to 17s. od.	14s to 18 gr.	15s to 17	17s to 21 o	3s od to 3s 3d	3s od to 3s 3d	4s 2d to 4	Straw from 14s. to 18s.
Oats 17s. od. to 19s.	17s. to 20s.	15s. to 17s.	16s od to 19.	16s od to 19.	12s to 14	12s to 15 o	3s 4d to 3s 6d	3s 4d to 3s 6d	4s 2d to 4	Coal 34s. per ch.

Barley 128. od.	to 178.	156. to 208.	148. to 168.	156. to 178. Od.	148 to 18 qr	158 to 17	178 to 21	38 od to 38 3d	osod to 49 os	45 ad to 4	Straw from 148. to 198.
Oats 110. od.	to 158.	178. to 208.	155. to 178.	158. to 178.	168 od to 19	188 to 14	188 to 15	39 4d to 38 6d	as 6d to es od	an 4d to as od	Coals 348. per cha.

The following is a copy of a letter from the
 Gen. Com. to the Hon. Sec. of the
 War Dept. dated 10th Nov. 1864.
 Sir,
 I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt
 of your letter of the 9th inst. in relation
 to the matter of the 1st Regt. of Col. R. I.
 and to inform you that the same has been
 forwarded to the proper authorities for their
 consideration.
 Very respectfully,
 J. M. Smith, Major, 1st Regt. Col. R. I.

[illegible]



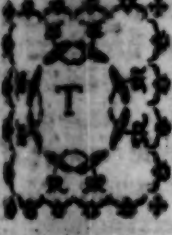
A Late Unfortunate Adventure at York.

T H E LONDON MAGAZINE:

For SEPTEMBER, 1770.

DEBATES OF A POLITICAL CLUB.

Publius Varro's Speech (L—d H—)
in Defence of Administration, continued
from our last, p. 396.

 HIS infamous scheme now failing, and administration being determined at all events to support the legal authority of the mother country over every part of her dominions; a complaint is now brought before this assembly of our misconduct, our incapacity, our oppression; the parliament of England is now told of our delinquency, and called upon to punish our malversations; yet how has government offended? Is the legislature of this kingdom to punish us for maintaining its own supremacy? Are the people of England to execrate us, because we have particularly stood forth against every effort of faction, to secure them in the possession of their dependencies? I will not, my l—s, insult your understandings, I will not insult the virtue of the nation, to suppose it. Let our patriots therefore, if they would arrive at eminence by their conduct, go over to America, and demand the confidence of the colonies. They may have real merit to plead there in their attempts to overturn the constitution of Great-Britain; they may have merit *there*, by endeavouring to render the impudent resolutions of a provincial committee, superior to our lawful ordinances.—But *here*, I trust they will be ever held contemptible; that their characters will be as mean, as their proceedings have been flagitious, and that their machinations to destroy the importance of the English empire, will

Sept. 1770.

always make them detestable to every good Englishman.

The *would-be* patriots, my l—s, who have paraded so much upon their public spirit, are exceedingly offended with the military, and declaim very pompously on the outrages which they committed in Boston. But surely it is not criminal in any subject, whether a soldier or not, to defend his life legally, when it is illegally attacked. The Boston accounts themselves, acknowledge the townsmen to be the aggressors, and is a soldier to be particularly exposed to the licentiousness of the rabble, because he is performing his duty? or is he to be less intitled to protection than another man, because he is more immediately than any other man, devoted to the service of the community? God forbid. Fashionable soever as it may be to condemn our troops, for supporting the due execution of the laws, and aiding the necessary authority of the civil magistrate, I still trust that justice will triumph over clamour: I still trust that reason will maintain its proper pre-eminence over faction, and that this house will not consider those popular worthies, much intitled to its thanks, for publicly impeaching its constitutional jurisdiction.

A noble D— has been pleased to call my letter to some of the American governors, directing a dissolution of their respective assemblies, *ill-written*, and *anti-constitutional*, wanting the sanction of parliamentary advice, as well as the mildness of justifiable authority.

I will not, my l—ds, venture to stand up in defence of my letter as a piece of composition; I am not vain enough to flatter myself with an idea of literary excellence, nor presumptuous

tuous enough to suppose any production of mine, would be able to defy the ordeal of his grace's criticism. But with regard to the meaning of my letter, with regard to my view in writing it, I think I can safely place my hand upon my heart, and not only acknowledge the motive, but glory in it. It may perhaps be criminal in the eyes of that noble D——, to vindicate the supremacy of the mother country, and it may in his opinion be the ground of a reasonable parliamentary complaint, that I have dared to enforce a due respect for the dignity of parliament. His grace may claim the applause of the people by sacrificing their rights, and pay his court to this illustrious house, by disputing the legality of its ordinances. For my part, being in office, I can have no pretence to these exalted inconsistencies, which so peculiarly distinguish the flame of modern patriotism. Plain common sense is the only advocate I shall attempt to employ, and your l—ps shall be the only judges of my vindication. If my letter therefore is anti-constitutional, let his grace point out in what: if it is dictated by severity, let him shew us in what the severity consists. If indeed it is repugnant to the principles of the British constitution to execute the laws of Great Britain, I am a culprit of the first magnitude. If it is oppression to dissolve those provincial legislatures, which were exposing themselves to punishment by the insolence of their resolutions, I am an oppressor: Nor do I wonder, when it is public virtue to betray the rights of the nation, that it should be held criminal to appear in their defence. My criminality however is my principal boast.—The star of America shall never have my voice, to shine either upon the destruction or the disgrace of Englishmen.—The colonies are our subjects—as such they are bound by our laws—and I trust we shall never use the language of supplication, to beg that our subjects will condescendingly yield obedience to our inherent pre-eminence.

It is a mighty argument with popularity, my l—s, that government has not yet been able to reconcile the unhappy disputes between the mother country and the Ameri-

cans, and the inability to effect that desirable reconciliation, is constantly mentioned as a charge against the ministry, though our patriots are perfectly sensible that the fault is entirely owing to themselves. The ministry, my l—s, have nothing more at heart than a proper accommodation of these unfortunate dissensions. 'Tis their first study—their first wish—but the gentlemen in opposition will not suffer them to accomplish it. They are continually exciting the colonies, to demand concessions which the mother country can never consistently allow; and then they exclaim, because our differences are not reconciled. In like manner, they are hourly deploring the loss of our American trade; and yet with the very same breath advising the Americans not to deal with us. In fact, my l—s, their whole patriotism is a despicable avarice of employment; and their whole labour, an endeavour to distress administration, not a generous solicitude to serve their country. To do this, every bait must be thrown out to catch the ignorant, and every artifice made use of to inflame the discontented: so they can succeed to office, no matter what becomes of the public good. This poor kingdom may be sacrificed to her dependencies, and the British parliament be reduced to a necessity of rescinding its laws, at the command of a provincial assembly. Can you, my l—s, restrain your indignation at the bare idea of so mortifying, so abject a proposition? Is not the whole Englishman maddened in your bosoms, at the remotest thought of crouching to the creatures of your own formation?—Have you erected colonies to be your masters, not to be your dependents—and will you suffer that insolence to assume the name of patriotism, which arraigns the warrantable exercise of your own authority? No, you will never suffer such a wantonness of temerity—you will reject the resolutions before you with contempt, and shew these turbulent brawlers, that you are not to be intoxicated out of your duty, by the heady fumes of a licentious popularity.

Here Publius Varro concluded; and was answered by Horatius Cibo (the M. of R.) to this effect:

Most illustrious l—s,

THOUGH some noble personages, who are connected with government, seem anxious for a speedy determination of the present question, and though others have called out to adjourn, I think it my duty to say a few words, notwithstanding the greatness of their impatience, and I hope they will not so far impeach the rectitude of their own measures, as tacitly to confess they will not bear an examination.

The noble l—d, who has now favoured us with his defence, is pleased to be very severe upon the gentlemen in opposition, and to attribute their endeavours for the public welfare, to a mean desire of getting into office. I do not, however, see why they are to be branded with a stigma of this nature, any more than the noble l—d himself; they are as independent in their fortunes, as upright in their principles as his l——p, and have less temptation, surely, by the mere hope of being employed, to prejudice their country, than his lordship, who is actually in place, and may be reasonably supposed no way desirous of quarrelling about trifles, either with the influences he consequently possesses, or the emoluments.

It is universally allowed, however we may censure the conduct of the Americans, that the first exercise of a power to tax them in the parliament of this country, was at least extremely injudicious, if it was not even actually illegal, since much more was to be got from their affection than their fear, from the extension of their commerce than the increase of their public burdens. While they submitted therefore to regulate their commerce by our discretion, they thought it hard that their property should also be at our disposal, and that we should not only restrain them in the acquisition of this property, but apply it when acquired, to answer our own exigencies. They contentedly pursued these paths to obtain their little wealth, which we judged most conducive to our interest, but they denied our right of taking away that wealth when obtained, and of trusting to the discretion of any authority, what they naturally enough considered to appertain wholly to themselves. It was of course no way wonderful, that in op-

posing what they deemed a palpable invasion of every thing dear, they should fly to some excesses. The mother country herself, upon particular occasions, is not able to restrain the spirit of her own populace, even where they have apparently less foundations for complaint. She should consequently learn to make the same excuses for the Americans, which she requires for herself, and recollect that few popular insurrections have ever taken place in an English government, without having a strong appearance of justice, if they were not originally justified by the error of the governors.

There is the greater necessity for treating the colonies mildly on this occasion, because we ourselves are exceedingly divided, with regard to the necessary measures of effecting a reconciliation between them and the mother country. Many of the ablest members in both houses think that we have no right whatever, to tax them. Others contend for the right, but exclaim against the exercise; and all are satisfied that the happiness of the British empire, immediately depends upon the termination of our unfortunate dissensions. Thus situated therefore, I am not surprised that the Americans should think themselves oppressively treated, when numbers on this side of the Atlantic are heartily of the same opinion; nor am I surprised at the excesses they run to in defence of privileges, which so many, even of their British fellow subjects, pronounce to be their birth-right, and exhort them to assert with their blood.

I candidly confess, that government has a very delicate part to act in so critical a conjuncture; to maintain the due authority of the mother country, and yet satisfy the demands of the Americans, is no easy circumstance. But still, as the first cause of complaint seems to be given by us; as we shall always have the power of enforcing a just authority over the colonies, if they should at any time mistake an act of indulgence, for an instance of timidity; and as it is for our own interest to bring them as speedily back to their duty as possible, I hope we shall not insist too rigidly upon the punctilios of pre eminence; nor set an inconsiderable tax by any means in competition with the trade and the affection of America.

Horatius

Horatius Cibo having ended his speech, Tullus Aufidius (L. T.) argued on the same side in the following manner:

Most illustrious l—s,

IT is astonishing, that at the very close of the session, our ministers are afraid to undergo the honest test of an examination into their conduct, and are obliged to shield themselves behind their numbers, from the abhorrence which must necessarily attend an enquiry into their mismanagement. Surely as they have nothing now to apprehend till the commencement of the next sitting, they need not be so shamefully intimidated at the question before us, as to press for an adjournment; their flight is as disgraceful as any defeat they may suffer in the fields of fair argument, and their giving the cause up as utterly indefensible, is even worse than the poorest stand which they can possibly make before the lovers of their country.

For my own part, my l—s, unless the question now under our consideration is fairly discussed, and unless something is done to remove our unhappy differences with America, I shall be apt to think, that while our present ministers continue in office, there will be little occasion for the meeting of parliaments.—They assemble us very formally together, and tell us in a speech from the throne, “that it is needless to recommend the state of America to our attention—and that they have endeavoured on their part to bring the Americans back to their duty, and a due sense of lawful authority.”—Yet after so positive a declaration with respect to the necessity of bringing this business before us, they call out for an adjournment the moment we take it up, and will not suffer us to do any thing whatever in an affair where so much is absolutely requisite, according to their own acknowledgement, for the happiness of the kingdom.

Perhaps however, I put a different construction upon their words, and understand the expression—“*‘tis needless to recommend the affairs of America to your attention,*” in a sense of recommendation, when I ought to annex a quite contrary meaning to it, and conceive it in a light wholly literal and prohibitory. For it is indeed

needless to recommend the affairs of America to our attention, if we must not attend to them, and it is equally needless to agitate any other matter either in the upper or the lower house, if, the instant it comes in under the customary form of a question, a majority bawling out for an adjournment, is to wrest it from our deliberation.—This is a manner of proceeding no less expeditious than it is new, and if the ministry are kind enough to adopt it upon all occasions, it will save a prodigious waste of unnecessary argument. The same numbers which throw out a disagreeable motion, may, without the trouble of debating, carry a favourite measure speedily into execution, and while the minority are harassing themselves with reasoning upon points of national importance, the administration may laugh securely at the drudgery of their antagonists, and be certain of a continual triumph, without the fatigue of uttering a single syllable.

If the happiness of the kingdom, was not a subject much too serious for pleasantries, I could laugh very heartily at the modern improvement in the English constitution, and observe it was natural enough in a ministry, which elected representatives for the people, to take the consideration of public business entirely from the hands of the parliament; but the mere form of legislation, surely, without the use, is too insignificant to be preserved, and of consequence since we are no longer to deliberate, the government should candidly tell us, that our future meetings are wholly unnecessary. A frankness of this kind will save us from contempt, without exposing the nation to any prejudice; and the ministry who do not pay any regard to parliamentary decency, may then execute their most sanguinary measures, without the smallest dread of parliamentary reproach.

I have been engaged for many years in public business, my l—s, have been in office myself, and have seen administrations that were highly obnoxious to the people; but such a set of ministers as the present, so lost to all sense of shame, so eminently above the *mere pretence* of regard for justice, I never saw. They are not satisfied with trampling upon our rights—they must add

add insult to oppression; they must make us feel our chains, as well as labour to enslave us; and despise our resentment, while they provoke our execration: let them not however depend too much upon their numbers—the silence of an injured people is the calm before an earthquake, and the despots perhaps have this moment reason to tremble, little as they apprehend a storm that will sweep them to destruction.

To Tullus Aufidius Titus Manlius, (L—d S—) succeeded, still continuing the attack upon administration.

Most illustrious l—s,

I Scarcely remember a period in history antient or modern, where the ministers of a state, however dead to the feelings of justice, were so lost to the sentiments of shame, that they gloried in their delinquency, and deemed it meritorious to be detested by every sensible, and every honest individual of their country. This pinnacle of profligacy was reserved for the present governors of Great Britain, who have adopted the principle of the Roman tyrant as far as they were able; and if our heads were beyond their power, have at least cut off all our liberties with a blow. When these upright gentlemen lately violated the sacred right of election, it was reasonably enough conjectured by the discerning, that they would speedily carry their despotism to still greater extravagancies, and accordingly we find the supposition founded but too fatally; for though in appearance they have deprived one county only, of its legal representative, still they virtually overturn the whole constitution, by preventing all debate on the very subjects which they particularly recommend to our notice, and to receive our opinions upon which, is the chief end of convening us in our parliamentary characters.

[To be continued in our next.]

To the EDITOR of the LONDON MAGAZINE.

SIR,

A Letter in one of our public prints, reflecting upon his Catholic Majesty, being every where mentioned as the principal cause of an apprehended war with Spain, I have sent you that celebrated production for the

entertainment of your readers, as it is extremely difficult to meet with a genuine copy, and as a spurious paper may possibly be foisted on the world, without the interposition of official authority. I am, sir, &c. *A Clerk in Office.*

The imputed Libel on the King of Spain, said to be a principal Cause of the apprehended War, as it was complained of by the Spanish Ambassador to the Secretary of State.

TO THE GAZETTEER.

YOUR correspondent Seneca seems mightily pleased with the *bon-mot* of G—the Second. I agree with him, there is a good deal of humour in it, but a *bon-mot* before it can be fully allowed as such ought to be founded strictly in truth. If G—the Second's *bon-mot* is relative only to the unwise of the house of B—k, that were born before the commencement of the present century, or that were born in Germany, it may probably have truth for its foundation. But I would start even the D. of C— against any one of the three crowned heads of the Bourbon family. There seems to be a distinct climax amongst their three Bourbonian majesties. The king of Sicily's eldest brother, we all know, was put aside from the throne, because he was an absolute, irrecoverable idiot; his present majesty of Sicily is, I conceive, just one remove from his brother.

The next crowned head of the Bourbon family, I mean the king of Spain, may be allowed to be one remove and a half from his Sicilian majesty, if weighed in the scale of intelligent or intellectual beings.

As a proof that the king of Spain is removed somewhat more than a degree and a half from downright idiocy, I will relate a story of him, which will convince any fautor of monarchical government, that his most catholic majesty is endowed with sufficient understanding to govern the rich and powerful kingdom of Spain, or indeed any other kingdom in Christendom, according to the modern standard of Bourbonian kings.

Some few years ago Charles the Third, his present Catholic Majesty, who is passionately fond of hunting, had accoutred himself as usual for the chase. It was in the month of

of January, and the weather at the extremest point of cold. The snow began to fall in such broad flakes that the poor king was absolutely prohibited the chace that day. The servants about his person were ordered to lay three or four dozen of watches before their royal master, in order that he might amuse himself with the delightful and instructive pastime of winding them up. It seems even this king affects, and is allowed all the pageantry, ceremony, and parade of regal state. His servants thus having brought him the watches retired, and left him all alone. It is remarkable of this crowned head, that, like Cicero, he is *nanquam minus solus quam cum solus*; that is to say, he never perceives the least difference whatever between a solitude and a multitude.

I take the winding up of thirty or forty watches to be an operation which must soon fatigue the mental faculties, and those faculties fatigued make room for the exertion of the bodily powers: accordingly we are told that his majesty, who is an enemy to idleness and inaction, the moment he had wound up his watches, immediately perceived by dint of instinct, that the weather was extremely cold. To counter-operate the inclemency of this sharp season, what could his majesty do? His servants had left his hunting whip in the room with him; this room was hung with goblin-tapestry. The vivid colours, and lively figure of an Arabian steed, ready saddled, was represented to the life. His majesty, who is not easily deceived, immediately approaches the highly coloured arras, attempts to mount this Bucephalus; the pictured stirrup fails to admit his kingly foot, and oh! dire mishap, plump falls the majesty of Spain on the resplendent wax-rubbed floor. Long did this mighty monarch, o'er whose wide extended dominions the sun never ceases to shine, ponderate in his kingly breast, whether he should severely correct the resplendent wax-rubbed floor, or whether his hunting whip would not fall with greater justice on the still prancing, proud Arabian steed. Wisely did Charles the Third distinguish between primary and secondary causes. The saddled palfrey therefore could not but appear to be

the proper and immediate object of royal resentment. This weighty point determined, and Charles having thus acted the two parts of jurymen and judge, there remained only the executioner's part for him to perform. Instantly he sprung from off the floor, and with his three-thonged hunting-whip, during thirty-four minutes, two seconds and a half, with hand uplifted, *sublimi flagello*, flogged the unmoving, unmoved stately quadruped. At length half-drowned, and half suffocated in his own unfragrant exudations, which copiously oozed out at every pore, the king, quite spent, again involuntary rushed rumbling down upon the resplendent wax-rubbed floor. Alarmed at this unusual noise, the guard attendant in the outer room, breaking through all order and every etiquette of Madrid's solemn stately-marching court, quickly rushed in the apartment royal, and found their monarch, Cyrus-like, weltering, if not in reeking gore, at least in reeking sweat.

The faculty called in, all stunned aghast! and they themselves shivering with cold intense, much wonder whence the cause of all this burning heat which thus unknown had overpowered their king. When straight, as rising from a trance and starting into life again, thus oracularly answered Charles the Third.

"Be not surprized that thus I sweat, for by this watch of Graham's make, thirty-four minutes, two seconds and a half, have I been flogging with this whip, whose ponderous handle is of massy gold, that high-stomached quadruped, whose traitorous hoof hath twice extended my whole length upon this floor." Much more spoke he, while every word was to the full as pertinent and wise.

From these outlines, characteristic of this crowned head, your readers will perceive I had strong reasons for saying that Charles the Third, king of the Two Indies, is rather more than a degree and a half less unwise than his son Ferdinand the Fourth, king of the Two Sicilies.

In my next letter I will draw the picture of that other crowned-head of the Bourbon family, Lewis the Fifteenth, king of Navarre.

One who paints to the Life.

Late

Late Anecdote concerning Swift, refuted.

To the AUTHOR of the LONDON MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THE inclosed censure, on a most ridiculous, as well as false anecdote, lately in a country news-paper, was sent by me the next day to the printer thereof, who declined accepting the offer, as a thing inconsistent with his plan; it being, that he dealt in no original pieces; only republished what he sacked from the London papers. Now as I do not know what London paper this particular was inserted in, I send my remarks to you, and if, after examination, you find them not inconsistent with your plan, I shall be well pleased to see them in your magazine, whenever you think proper. * I am,

Yours, &c.

August 5, 1770.

IT is but of late years that anecdotes have been in fashion: good writers formerly dealt them out sparingly, and *always* preserved a due regard for truth, propriety of sentiment, and consistency of character: but now every news-paper has got its fool, with his anecdote; and no matter whether sense or nonsense; probable, or impossible to be true; the greatest absurdities go down, with the word anecdote for their introductor: and provided the paper sells, what cares the printer any further?

I grant there is nothing further to be considered by him; but the case may be altered, in time, and then he will find, that a paper observed to deal too much in trash and falsehood, will no longer sell. Now *that* is a point surely worth his consideration.

A printer's business, therefore, is to be cautious what he publishes; and if he has not judgement in himself to distinguish between the fit and the unfit, to be thankful for being told, and to mend a mistake by acknowledging it.

He cannot do otherwise and do well: and in the reasonable expectation of Mr. Sk—y's meaning to do well, I give myself this trouble of making some remarks on a most *ridiculous slander* that I found yesterday in one of his late chronicles.

It is entitled an anecdote of Dean Swift, and represents that astonishing genius, the honour and glory of our age, as one of the meanest dupes that ever existed; and that proud indignant soul with the most violent spirit, and fire that ever agitated an human being, as a poor, patient animal, contented to be made an ass of; or, to use his own *words and spelling*, to be *usually* the *but* of his companions. And pray who were *they*? Why, the very persons (as all the world knows, this single simpleton excepted) who equally loved and *feared* the dean, and who, throughout their whole lives, courted, honoured, obeyed, and almost adored him.

Yet to these men, it seems, the dean was *usually* a butt, and, *if a trick was played, sure to be always the sufferer*.

A mere jack-pudding, (according to Mr. Anecdote's idea of wit) who took fillips on the nose, three for six-pence perhaps, with a thank you, my masters all, for all your favours and fillips.

A fine account this of Dean Swift and his friends! is it not? with a great deal of what the French call the *vraisemblance* in it! I suppose, if Mr. Anecdote goes on with ingenious inventions, he will next tell us an instan e

* The anecdote alluded to, relates that the dean and a party of his friends, having agreed to walk out of town, to a certain nobleman's, where they were all to sleep, the dean, who was the greatest walker of the set, soon distanced the rest with a professed design of securing the best bed—On this, one of the others was dispatched on horse-back by a different road to punish the dean for his selfishness, who accordingly reaching the place of destination long before Swift, posted a servant of the nobleman's at some distance from the house to inform the humourist that the small-pox was in the family. The dean, who never had had the distemper, alarmed at the news, took up his residence in a little room at the end of a garden or field, where he supped alone and passed several melancholy hours, while his friends at the mansion were laughing very heartily at his situation; at length, taking pity of him, they revealed the jest, and received a promise that on no future occasion the best bed should deprive them of his company.

of Lord Peterborough's cowardice.

"He, whose lightening pierc'd the lines,"

It is very fitting, Mr. Anecdote, that you should make him a coward, or, if you please, the duke of Marlborough, a poet or a fidler, or Charles the twelfth of Sweden, a beau, with his ruffled shirt and perfumed handkerchief. You seem, worthy sir! to have in you a creative genius, appointed to reverse the decrees of nature, and as Swift, speaking of fables; and as how, in ancient days and Æsop's time, "The ass was dull; the lion, brave; The daw, a thief: the fox, a knave"; So, I expect you will draw your characteristics in the topsy-turvy manner, as you have drawn the dean's; and whether by fable, or anecdote, give dulness to your fox, and subtilty to your ass.

Here, Mr. Anecdote, I shall take my leave of you, as you are not worth laughing at; but if you are capable of being made wiser by reflection, I will, just out of charity, hint at a few more of your mistakes and absurdities and then bid you heartily farewell.

First, A *Scriblerus club* (as you call it) but which, let me tell you, was never formed.

A *set of walkers named*, of which, I know of only one who could walk.

A *lord's house; and with a best bed in it*—which signifies, that in a lord's house, you reckon there are not two beds fit for a gentleman to sleep on.

A little house, at the end of a garden, with proper accommodations for lodging.

A doctor of divinity most shamefully deserted by his dearest friends, when he stood in most need of their assistance and company.

And treated by a nobleman, whose guest he was, in a manner the most inhospitable.

The same D. of divinity, and no less a man than Swift himself, in a minute's time after, fully reconciled to such good friends, and to such a lord, on no better satisfaction offered, than a supper of scraps, and what was left when they had filled their own bellies.

Lastly, to complete the story, making the poor dean well pleased at their behaviour and much obliged to them for their great goodness and condescension in permitting him again to make one of the company.

A Question relative to Inoculation for the Measles.

To the AUTHOR of the LONDON MAGAZINE.

S I R,

A Few years since mention was made, in some one of the periodical publications, of a method of inoculating for the measles, much like that made use of in the small-pox. I have never met with any thing on the subject since; and it is pity that a practice, which bids fair for being of such extensive use, should be lost for want of enquiry. If any gentleman, who has made experiments of this sort, will communicate the good or ill success of them to the public, through the channel of your magazine, he will do a general good, and particularly oblige one who flatters himself in the opinion of being not altogether unworthy of his notice.

A Question in Divinity.

S I R,

AS our Saviour commanded his disciples to baptize in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost—*Why was not this form made use of by the disciples?* If I am not mistaken this form is not used to Jew or Gentile in the Gospels, in the Acts of the Apostles, nor even in the Epistles. Some converts received the Holy Ghost before, some after baptism. But the form was only in the name of our Lord Jesus. The opinion of any one of your correspondents (who are always ready to instruct the less learned) on this question will be esteemed as no small favour by, sir,

Your obliged servant D. B.

The Inadequacy of English Crimes and Punishments.

To the AUTHOR of the LONDON MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I Hoped the clergyman, whose servant was executed for robbing him, mentioned in your magazine for May 1769, would have taken some notice of what I offered on the occasion, and have undertaken to vindicate his conduct, and then the weakness of my reasonings, if he was not convinced by them: but I do not know that any thing

thing of that kind has appeared ; nor indeed have I lately met with any attempt to justify our present laws, whereby thieves are doomed to remediless perdition. The sentiments of people, however, on this head, seem to be in some measure altered ; particularly of those whose opinion is most to be regarded. At the last assizes held for the county in which I live, no less than *six* were capitally convicted and condemned ; but *all* reprieved ! It is with great pleasure I mention this, as it gives encouragement to hope that our honourable legislators, by a repeal of the said laws, will put it out of the power of those who are like-minded with the clergyman above mentioned, to accomplish the utter destruction of their fellow-men, for depriving them of a small part of their property. With a view hereto, I have produced many respectable authorities which you, sir, have inserted in your valuable repository, with (I doubt not) the same generous intention. Nor will you, I hope, blame me, if I desire room for the following additions to the same purpose.

" Natural equity requires (says the great king of Prussia) some proportion between the punishment and the crime. Robberies attended with murder deserve to be punished with death ; but those which are committed without offering violence, may be attended with circumstances that sometimes are capable of exciting compassion towards the criminal. Suppose a poor fellow steals, through want of a few guineas, a gold watch or some such thing from a person to whom such a loss is a meer trifle ; is this a sufficient reason to condemn the poor wretch to death ? Does not humanity call upon us to soften the severity of the punishment ? In Prussia we have taken a middle way, between the remissness of the Egyptians and the severity of the French. We do not punish a simple theft with death, but only confine the delinquent for a certain time. Perhaps it would be better still, to introduce the law of retaliation, which was observed among the Jews, whereby the thief was obliged to restore double the value of what he had stolen, or to yield himself a slave of the person he had robbed. Thus by contenting ourselves with inflicting only slight punishments for

slight faults, we reserve capital punishments for banditti, murderers and assassins, so as to proportion the punishment always to the crime." *Memoirs &c.* p. 327, 328.

Agreeable hereto are the sentiments relative to punishments, contained in the grand instructions to the commissioners appointed to frame a new code of laws for the Russian empire.

" Every punishment (say they) not inflicted by necessity is tyrannical. Right and not power is the source of law.

All laws in which legislation aims at extreme rigor, will be evaded.

A legislator ought to apply more to prevent crimes than to punish them ; and to prevent depravity of manners by proper regulations than to break the spirit of a people by the terror of corporal and capital punishment.

What the law calls punishment is *in itself* misery, consequently an evil ; it is only relatively good.

Experience proves that mild punishments effect their purpose better than those that are severe.

Licentiousness proceeds from neglecting to punish, not from punishing with mildness.

That the punishment may produce the desired effect, it is sufficient that the evil it occasions exceeds the good expected from the crime. All severity exceeding these bounds is useless, consequently tyrannical.

The most powerful restraint upon crimes is not the *severity* but the *certainly* of punishment.

It is unjust to punish him who robs in the same manner as him who not only robs but murders. It is also bad policy, for in that case, he that has robbed has no motive arising from the laws not to kill.

Universal experience demonstrates, that the frequent use of capital punishments never mended the morals of a people. The death of a malefactor does not so effectually deter from wickedness, as the example *continually remaining* of a man deprived of liberty, for *this end*, that he may repair by a life of labour, the injury he has done to the community. Sudden and violent impressions act forcibly, but not long. A capital punishment, however it may terrify, is soon forgotten."

To equal robbery with murder,
K k k 2 (says

(says the Rambler) is to reduce murder to robbery, to confound in common minds the gradations of injury, and incite the commission of a greater crime to prevent the detection of a less. If only murder were punished with death, very few robbers would stain their hands in blood; but when, by the last act of cruelty, no new danger is incurred, and greater security may probably be obtained, upon what principle shall we bid them forbear?

It may be urged that the sentence is often mitigated to simple robbery; but surely this is to confess that our laws are unreasonable in our own opinion; and indeed it may be observed that all but murderers have, at their last hour, the common sensations of mankind pleading in their favour. This is a manifest conviction of the inequality of punishments, and it is corroborated by the frequent solicitation of pardons. They who would wish for the correction of a thief, are yet shocked at the thought of destroying him. His crime shrinks to nothing compared with his misery: and severity defeats itself by exciting pity.

The gibbet, indeed, certainly disables those who die upon it from infecting the community; but their death seems not to contribute more to the reformation of their associates than any other method of separation. A thief seldom passes much of his time in recollection or anticipation, but from robbery hastens to riot, and from riot to robbery; nor, when the grave closes upon his companion, has any other care than to find another.

The frequency of capital punishments, therefore, rarely hinders the commission of a crime, but naturally and commonly prevents its detection, and is, if we reason only upon prudential principles, chiefly for that reason to be avoided. Whatever may be urged by casuists or politicians, the greater part of mankind, as they can never think that to pick the pocket and to pierce the heart, is equally criminal, will scarcely believe, that two malefactors so different in guilt, can be justly doomed to the same punishment; nor is the necessity of submitting the conscience to human laws so plainly evinced, so clearly stated, or so generally allowed, but that the pious, the

tender and the just, will always scruple to concur with the community in an act, which their private judgement cannot approve.

He who knows not how often rigorous laws produce total impunity, and how many crimes are concealed and forgotten for fear of hurrying the offender to that state in which there is no repentance, has conversed very little with mankind. And whatever epithets of reproach or contempt this compassion may incur from those who confound cruelty with firmness, I know not whether any wise man would wish it less powerful or less extensive.

If those whom the wisdom of our laws has condemned to die had been detected in their rudiments of robbery, they might, by proper discipline and useful labour, have been disintangled from their habits, and by escaping all the temptations to subsequent crimes, have passed their days in reparation and penitence; and detected they might all have been, had the prosecutors been certain that their lives would have been spared. I believe every thief will confess that he has been more than once seized and dismissed; and that he has sometimes ventured upon capital crimes, because he knew that those whom he injured, would rather connive at his escape, than cloud their minds with the horrors of his death.

All laws against crimes are ineffectual, unless some will inform, and some will prosecute: but till we mitigate the penalties for meer violations of property, information will always be hated and prosecution dreaded. The heart of a good man cannot but recoil at the thought of punishing a slight injury with death; especially when he remembers, that the thief might have procured safety by another crime, from which he was restrained only by his remaining virtue.

The obligations to assist the exercise of public justice are indeed strong; but they will certainly be overpowered by tenderness for life. What is punished with severity, contrary to our ideas of adequate retribution, will be seldom discovered, and multitudes will be suffered to advance from crime to crime, till they deserve death, because if they had been early prosecuted, they would have

have suffered death before they deserved it." *Thus far that excellent writer* Vol. 4. p. 122, 123, 124, 125.

By these just remarks I am led to mention what came within my knowledge about half a century ago, when a rich farmer belonging to the same parish where I resided, was robbed by one of his men servants, who got into the chamber and broke open the box in which he kept his money and took thereout a considerable sum, part of which, search being made, was found hid in the man's own lodging room; in consequence of which he was committed, tryed, and might have been easily convicted; but his master, being loth to take away his life, of which the witnesses were apprized, he was acquitted. This kindness of his master's he soon requited by stealing from him a yoke of oxen, which making too much haste to sell, he was suspected, apprehended (and having stolen a horse from another about the same time) arraigned, found guilty and executed. Had the law made the punishment of his *first crime* confinement to hard labour, he would doubtless have been found guilty of *that*; and who knows but (in that case) his life might have been *reformed* as well as *saved*; at least he might (and probably would) have lived to some valuable purpose.— But somewhat of this kind has been hinted in a former letter. The present concludes with requesting a place in your next; which will be a fresh obligation on, sir,

Your humble servant,

PHILANTHROPOS.

The Necessity of an equal Representation in Parliament.

A More equal representation of the people in parliament has long since been esteemed, by the wisest and best persons in the kingdom, to be almost the only very great improvement which our excellent constitution is capable of receiving. Though this subject has been often hinted at by authors of credit, yet it has been chiefly in general terms only, acknowledging the disease, but not prescribing the cure with sufficient exactness, nor descending so minutely into circumstances as was necessary to point out the proper treatment, or to make their prescription generally understood. If this subject was more discussed, if

different persons would propose their different plans, some one of them might perhaps be generally approved of, and in consequence of such approbation, be hereafter established by the legislature. The plan I propose is as follows.

Let the house of commons consist of the present number of members; no alteration to be made with respect to Scotland or Wales. Let the members sent by the capital and two or three more of the principal cities or towns be encreased, others of the largest to continue on their present footing; creditable towns to send one member each. An augmentation to be made to the members for counties by adding one or two members to the smaller ones: but the larger counties, whose number should exceed four to be divided into ridings; each riding to send one, two or more members, in proportion to its extent, taxes and number of voters. For instance, let the county of Gloucester be divided into three ridings, each to send two members; Bristol, as the second city in the kingdom, to be honoured with three representatives; Gloucester to send two; Cirencester and Tewkesbury one each: Berkshire either undivided to send four, or split into two ridings, the larger to send three, the smaller two; Reading two, Windsor, in compliment to the royal palace, the same number; Abingdon one, as at present; Wallingford to be reduced to one or thrown into the smaller boroughs; Hertfordshire four, St. Albans one, Hertford one; in all six. It is very obvious that a large augmentation ought to be made to the representatives for Yorkshire, Devonshire, and some others, on account of their great extent; and to Middlesex, Essex, &c. because of their great number of inhabitants and very considerable payments to the national taxes. Six sent by London and Westminster is by no means an adequate or just representation for places containing more than half a million of people. To supply the proposed additions, a subtraction must be made from the number now sent by the boroughs. This would in part be effected by reducing the larger boroughs to one member each; but more especially by a reduction with respect to the smaller ones, justly esteemed the rotten part of our constitution. Either the method prescribed

bed at the union might be successfully applied, as is now practised in Scotland; three, four or five boroughs might be classed together; let each preside by turns, and send a commissioner; the majority of these commissioners to return one of their number to sit in the house; in case of an equality, the commissioner of the presiding borough to have a casting voice: or the boroughs might return two commissioners each; all their names should be written on separate pieces of paper, might be dropped into six urns according to the directions of a late excellent act for better regulating contested elections, the proper officer to draw one from each urn till the proper number, suppose forty or fifty, was completed: in case of a vacancy the place to be filled up by the borough which returned the late member as a commissioner; but at every general election, the method of drawing from the urns to be constantly followed. Besides rendering the house of commons a more equal representation of the people, the proposed scheme would have the additional advantage of checking the infamous practice of bribery, and thereby giving a more lasting duration to a constitution which cannot be too much commended.

I am, sir, your humble servant.

Berkshire, July 1770.

A. B.

A farther Defence of Charles the First.

To Philanthropos.

S I R,

AS I thought we had kept up the ball of contention long enough, I really determined to drop the subject: But as you seem to triumph over my want of judgement and play me off with so much humour, desiring me in my next letter to keep close to the point, by Mr. Baldwin's indulgence I will once more try what I can do, and propose making some few, and I hope just observations on the material parts of your letter.—As for your compliments to Mr. M. M. and your arch remarks on my being attached to a party bred in and educated in principles, probably not very friendly to mankind, and pleading in behalf of a poor cause; these and such-like are little embellishments in your letter which, probably, I may return, or, to speak agreeable to former times, give you a Rowland for your Oliver, but hope, at least, law-

yer-like, we shall part in an amicable manner with

Veniam petimus damusque vicissim.

In the first place, permit me to observe that the compliment I made you on your writing that K. Charles had two bastards, and that he was seen playing with a lady's bobbies, was justly your due as the last retailer of fanatical scandal. You may apply it to the gay historian, or to whom you please. You quoted this ill reported malicious story (malicious I pronounce it to be) to serve your purpose—to make Charles a vitious, hypocritical king; and therefore I neither blush nor take shame to myself. I look upon it as your own; and was a man to act in the same manner by you I believe you would draw the same conclusion. A retailer of falsehood, in my opinion, is as odious to God and men as the author: therefore as the poet said on another occasion, I applied properly to you,

Et male dum recitas incipit esse tuum.

But my friend (I return your compliment to me in this amiable term) I am pleased with the manner in which you address the fair lady. You seem to be brightened (pardon my vanity) with the exuberancy of my wit (your expression) and if I can but catch a little of your solid reason (another of your expressions) we shall be two clever fellows. You proceed to ask me—Are not you ashamed to use a fair lady thus? I have nothing to do with the fair lady—You are my match, and you are offended because I do not like the authors you refer to. I really do not. The reasons I gave you in my last. If no offence, give me leave to ask you—Is a Coke, a betrayer of his master's secrets, a Milton, a Lilly, strong Oliverians, a Rapin, a rigid republican, to be the sole judge of Charles's life and manners? Is this king's character to be tried by such regicides, who were so far from following St. Paul's advice 'honour the king,' that as Swift wrote, they abhorred both kings and ministers of state? What! no credit to be given to Clarendon and the many authors, modern as well as those of the last century, which I recommend to your reading: *Defendit numerus.*—Another assertion of yours, repeated more than once, that he encouraged the profanation of the Lord's day, which was attended with a cruel persecution of hundreds of pious ministers, grievously suffering upon this act. In my last, by way of answer

to this seemingly heavy accusation, I asked, was Charles only to be blamed? Was he the only promoter of this profanation of the Lord's day? Were not such revels agreeable to the parliament, to the council, and to the generality of the people? The parliament, in particular, might have put a stop to such proceedings. They opposed the king in *temporals*, to your satisfaction sir, why not in *spirituals*? Why must all the blame be laid to Charles? Did he carry the *flaming sword* through all his dominions, and persecute hundreds of pious ministers? But the blacker you make his character, the better for your cause—You proceed, that I would fain have him considered in this respect as innocent, and throw all the blame on his council. Happy for me, in a few lines after, you write, *The council concurred in concerting and prosecuting arbitrary measures.* Thus, gentle reader, you see that the council is at last allowed by Philanthropos to concur in concerting and prosecuting arbitrary measures. This is what I have often asserted, and what he as often denied. Thanks to you, Phil. for this concession. *Risum teneatis?* another of your arch expressions. This is, sir, what I intimated when I desired you to learn a little modesty of your fair historian, who highly censures the revolution of parliament, but makes no reflection on K. William. And if he justly escaped censure, why not K. Charles? But you proceed, and desire me to run a parallel between the two kings. No, my friend, I leave that agreeable task to you, and, to make use of another of your expressions, *if any can do it you can, provided you are as great an adept in panegyrick, as you are in defamation.* I shall not presume to compare Charles to K. William, no more than I would you to— but stop my pen, for fear of giving offence. Comparisons may be odious. But permit me, Phil, here to give you a hint or two. K. William had a Lilly, a Milton, in a Buckingham and a Parker, but he will never have a Philanthropos, a retailer of scandal, in me. He had a Laud, in a Burnet; he had his sycophants likewise; but he did not lend a willing ear to such as you assert Charles did.

You write me, sir, that you do not wish to be in any station in which you cannot be considered as a benefactor to mankind. Time will not permit to tran-

scribe the particulars of this long and equivocating paragraph, having something more material to offer to your reflection. When I proposed that case to you, p. 308, *e. g. supposing you to be a lord of Scotland (I had nothing to do with your wish)* my question was, would you have given up the vassalage of your tenants and servants? I trow not, no more than the late lords would have done, unless forced from them. And yet, I presume, these lords thought themselves as good christians, and as good subjects, some few of the latter excepted, as you can think yourself; and if they or you were tenacious of real or supposed privileges, why not Charles of his?

Another accusation against his majesty, which you before repeated: "*his majesty gave himself up to the conduct of a proud, bigotted, popish queen.*" What has her majesty's religion to do with her request to the king, *up Charles, and pull those rogues by the ears?* In my last, I answered this particular; but you are fond of such repetitions. I tell you again, I presume, she thought her temporal interest, as well as the interest of the king, was in danger, and that those rogues were going to strip the crown of one of its brightest jewels, *the prerogative.* But the king should have imitated (you write) the illustrious Eastern hero, who, when his wife bid him go *curse God and die*, should have replied *that she talked like a fool.* A most judicious comparison! The wife of this illustrious eastern hero bid her husband curse God and die, as he was reduced from splendor and opulence to a dunghill. The wife of the illustrious English hero bid her husband up and pull those rogues by the ears, lest they should reduce him to the same miserable condition. Charles thought his property worth contending for, and died like a hero. And believe me, my friend, had I but one acre of land, which I thought my own property, I would dispute it inch by inch rather than resign it to any man. Would not you, sir? If you would not, you would deserve to lose it for a coward.

You observe, the question is not how he died, but how he lived?

You have repeated an extract from Clarendon, a respectable author, as you justly stile him, about pulling rogues by the ears. You must now indulge me, in giving

giving me leave to produce an extract from the same respectable author, to shew you how he lived and how he died. This is the character I recommended so often to you, which you as often have passed by, which obliged me to write—Go, Phil. read, blush and admire.

It will not be unnecessary to add, says this respectable author, a short character of this person, K. Charles the First, that posterity may know the inestimable loss, which this nation then underwent, in being deprived of a prince, whose example would have been a greater influence upon the manners and piety of the nation, than the most strict laws could have been. To speak first his qualifications as a man; he was, if ever any, the most worthy of the title of an honest man, so great a lover of justice, that no temptation could dispose him to a wrong action, *except it was so disguised to him that he believed it just*—punctual and regular in his devotions—an example of conjugal affection. As a king, he kept state in his court—patient in hearing causes—fearless—not enterprizing, not confident in his own judgement—abhorred debauchery—beloved by his subjects in general, when murdered—he was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, the best christian that the age in which he lived produced. And if he was not the greatest king, if he was without some parts and qualities which have made some kings great and happy, no other prince was ever unhappy who was possessed of *half his virtues and endowments*, and so much *without any kind of vice*. If this character is not sufficient, let us reflect on the character given him by the nation in general at the restauration, when lords and commons appointed an annual fast in remembrance of what they called *his martyrdom*. If this is not sufficient, let us reflect on the dissenters joining (as they insisted they did) in the restoration of the royal family, as making some satisfaction for their cruel behaviour to the father. The anabaptist address to his son is worth reading, and all the sectaries of those times might have joined in it. Are not the united suffrages of the whole kingdom more to be depended on, than those of

a Coke, a Milton, and a Lilly? More is needless. Only let me add the advice of one of the most amiable bishops now in being, zealous in revolution principles, and justly devoted to the interest and honour of the present royal family; to which, dear Phil, I readily subscribe, though you would attach me to a party not very friendly to mankind. This bishop, in his sermon on the 30th of January, gives it as his opinion that we should consider the times in which Charles was born, and the principles in which he was bred, and not try him by revolution principles. This is all I desire, and then he will be the very reverse of what you endeavour to make him.

I am, sir, Your humble servant.

M. M.

THE following remarkable letter from Mr. Morris, late secretary to the Society for supporting the Bill of Rights, which meets at the London Tavern, having occasioned much conversation, we think it highly necessary for the perusal of our readers.

To the Supporters of the Bill of Rights, &c.

Gentlemen,

THE post which I have held in your Society I shall ever esteem to be one of the greatest honours of my life, and the only sort of place I ever desire to accept. With what zeal or abilities I have promoted the common cause of liberty, you are best able to judge: such as these have been, they still shall never be wanting for the same purposes, when I conceive myself capable of exerting them to effect. Some success has, without doubt, already attended the operations of our society; but my own judgement is, that an unhappy necessity will require operations of a different nature, before we shall have fulfilled the duty which, as patriots, we owe to our country. In an age, spiritless and abandoned as the present, it is something to have proceeded thus far. It is through our means that the claim of a free representation has not long ago been crushed in its birth. Hitherto it has been suppressed by the mere dint of superior force; and now waits impatiently to be vindicated by the noble resentment of

of an injured people. Through us the persecution of an individual, who by the name of countryman has every title to our support, has been rendered almost ineffectual; and the abettors of it, however dignified, have become the scorn and hatred of the people. It has not been my fault if that gentleman has not been sufficiently rewarded for all his troubles; I wish to see him superior to his enemies, easy in his circumstances, as I know him to be independent in his principles. This he deserves from the humanity, the gratitude, and, if we have a desire not to see a similar proscription repeated in our days, from the goodness of this nation. As for those perpetual candidates for power, pensions, or office, both within the senate and without, I equally detest and abjure them all, whether they are possessed of present confidence or not; I hold them enemies to the liberty of the common people, impostors in politics, and the scourge of this kingdom.

Much is wanting to give a prospect of success to our opposition against the ministers of government. We are not without abuses, but without the legal means of reforming them. The whole frame of administration is corrupt. It is a farce to call the present a complete and adequate representation of the people; against this, more than the Middlesex election stares us in the face: it is in vain, therefore, to resort to them, or to postpone our hopes to the feeble remedy of a septennial choice, a choice placed in such hands as never to become expressive of the sense of the community. Petitions and remonstrances have been tried without effect. There remains, however, the good courage of the English nation, which I hope (though there has long appeared too great a deficiency of spirit) will never fail to show itself when the measure of oppression is fully completed. I am in little doubt, that both periods will soon arrive, till which, though I should wish to prevent the occasion, I shall reserve myself, being of opinion with those respectable ancients, who held it criminal not to take a part in the commotions of their country.

Having given this account of my principles and these reasons for my conduct, I must now resign the office
Sept. 1770.

of secretary, which I have been honoured with in your society from its commencement. I shall still be proud of being associated with men, who, I am persuaded, have effectually removed themselves, by the decisive part which they have taken against the most favourite and determined measures of the court, from trust, honour, or employ, whilst the present system of affairs continues. The support of Mr. Wilkes, that victim to a woman's wrath, is a test to which the great leaders of parliamentary opposition will never submit. They behold in him an unsurmountable barrier to the expected gratifications of all their labours. We have seen them separate themselves from him and from his cause (unless where they could make it subservient to their own ambition) as they would from an infection: and whilst they continue so separated, I shall look upon them as interested men, more studious to do themselves good than their country. These are not the persons from whom we are to expect subscriptions, solemn covenants, stipulations and confederacies. Such are the instruments and resources of more honest men; for which the time already approaches; but to which these will never be driven, unless in a mere despair of obtaining places; a matter, which it is not impossible may soon happen, through the happy obstinacy of the superior powers; and thus, they, who never could be virtuous before, be rendered so, from the want of other temptation, in despite of themselves and their own evil inclinations.

For my own part I will confess, that the cause of Mr. Wilkes, as an injured and persecuted individual, has been the first and hitherto the only motive of my appearing in public. I have the satisfaction to say, that I leave this cause in a better situation, at least, than when I found it; though not the vanity to think, that much of our success (which indeed ought to have been greater) has been owing to my endeavours. I am resolved however not to act any longer in the office of secretary. I should not have undertaken it at first, but in expectation that it would have soon fallen to the lot of others in turn. I have repeatedly desired leave to resign, and as constantly received no other answer than your compliments

compliments upon my conduct. I must now therefore resign without leave, because I cannot continue in my office with the same alacrity I have done, being tired of my share of the burthen, and having something else to do. As for the odium which may have fallen upon my name, from the conspicuous part I have appeared in, I shall esteem that my greatest reward; being satisfied it will only come from a quarter, whose enmity will be my greatest honour. When you proceed to the election of another secretary, I hope your choice will fall upon one much more worthy than,
Gentlemen,
August 6, Your devoted and obedient,
1770. humble servant,

R. MORRIS.

On the foregoing Letter a periodical Writer publishes the following Animadversions.

I Have for a long time been convinced that the surest way to subdue popular clamour is to give it full scope; opposition serves only to make it considerable: and many objects which appear important when dignified by the resentment of government, dwindle into the most lamentable insignificance the moment they are held too contemptible for attention. This has been for some months the state of patriotism in this metropolis; our public-spirited worthies, being totally overlooked by the ministry, become wholly forgotten by the people; the generous society at the London tavern have even taken in their begging box, and nothing is heard of Mr. Wilkes himself, unless a trifling account or two in the prints, of his uninteresting peregrinations through the country.

A situation like this, for men who are nobly ambitious of fame, becomes truly alarming; a great mind can bear to be hated, but to be despised is intolerable; it is better even to be traduced than not to be mentioned at all, and the storm of the most merciless persecution is preferable to an inglorious oblivion in the calmest security. I am naturally led into these reflections, Mr. Printer, by perusing *Squire Morris's* celebrated letter to the Supporters of the Bill of Rights, containing a resignation of his office as secretary to that illustrious community,

and braving not only all the arrows of ministerial ridicule, but all the darts of popular reproach, through a manly impatience of continuing any longer in obscurity. This letter will no doubt answer the *Squire's* intention in one respect; it will make him the subject of general conversation; and, as I have already declared, that it is better even to be censured, than to be wholly unnoticed, I dare say the heroic Antient Briton will be more pleased with an unfavourable animadversion on his inimitable performance, than if it passed utterly undistinguished by the eye of critical examination.

The gallant Squire begins his epistle thus, "the post which I have held in your society, I shall ever esteem to be one of the greatest honours of my life, and the only sort of place I ever desire to accept." Without remarking the happy disregard of grammatical propriety in this sentence, which absolutely "*desires to accept*" what the writer expressly sits down "to resign," I shall proceed to the next, where our unfortunate *Squire* is reduced to the painful necessity of wounding his natural modesty, by insinuating a very favourable idea of his own services—"With what zeal, or abilities (says he) I have promoted the common cause of liberty you are best able to judge; such as they have been, they shall never be wanting for the same purposes when I conceive myself capable of exerting them with effect." But, *Squire*, if you have already exerted your wonderful abilities with effect, why should you despair of exerting them with effect hereafter? according to your own declaration, "*some success has, without doubt, attended the operations of your society.*" This success, surely, instead of dispiriting, should impel you to proceed boldly in the cause of liberty. Had your exalted endeavours, indeed, proved wholly abortive, there would have been some excuse for your despondency; but when you had actually rendered the public *some benefit*, when you had laboured to *some* salutary purpose, your *abdication* of the secretaryship is a solecism in politics, which throws at least an imputation on your judgement, and leaves your heart no chance of an escape from disagreeable charges, unless at the immediate expence of your understanding.—Perhaps however, this parade about the *success* attending

attending the operations of your society, slipped inadvertently from your pen; for you say in another place, "*much is wanting to give a prospect of success to our opposition against the ministers of government.*" How are we to reconcile this palpable contradiction, my sagacious *antient Briton*? What? has *some success, without doubt,* attended your public-spirited struggles? *and is much still wanting to give you a prospect of success?* Do, my good *Squire*, reconsider your curious production a little attentively, and correct a blunder of this enormous magnitude; it is hard that you patriots cannot be content with destroying the peace, but you must also commit an outrage upon the very common sense of your countrymen.

Well, sir, though *much* is wanting to give you a *prospect* of success, you tell us that "in an age so spiritless and abandoned as the present, it is something to have proceeded thus far." What, sir, is this a spiritless, an abandoned age, when such glorious institutions as the society at the London tavern is established? when such a patriot as your *Squireship* condescends to act as a voluntary secretary? when petitions and remonstrances actually besiege the throne, and statues are particularly erected to those who personally arraign the *misconduct* of the sovereign? Is this a spiritless or an abandoned age, when, according to the repeated declarations of your *own* society, authenticated under your *own* hand, the sacred flame of liberty has spread through every part of the kingdom, and when you yourself trust every thing to the very *courage* of the nation?

But, sir, though I here leave you, railing at the profligacy of the times, and declaring that *much* was still wanting to give you a *prospect* of success against the ministers of government; I now take you up where the scene is totally changed, and where you triumphantly boast of the advantages accruing to the kingdom from the labours of your society. "It is through our means (you say) that the claim of a free representation has not long ago been crushed in its birth; through us the persecution of an individual, who by the name of countryman has every title to support, has been rendered almost ineffectual, and the abettors of

it, however dignified, have become the scorn and hatred of the people." Such, Master Robert Morris, is your honest exultation for the good you have done the nation. But—hey—Presto—the scene changes again; and we again find you at the old trade of lamentation. "We are not without abuses (say you) but without the *legal* means of reforming them." Now, my dear, dear sir, by what means have you effected all the benefits we have received at the hands of your society, if not by *legal* means? was your claim of a free representation *illegal*? was it by any act of *illegality* that Mr. Wilkes's outlawry was reversed? or by any act of *illegality* that he recovered four thousand pounds in compensation for his false imprisonment by Lord Halifax? Surely, sir, you, who are a barrister at Law, should be better acquainted with the laws of your country; you set up with an ill grace as a reformer of abuses, if you are utterly unacquainted with the means by which such abuses are redressed. The mighty services you have done us were either done *legally* or *illegally*; if the *first*, how dare you affirm, that there is no *legal* means of procuring satisfaction for public oppressions? if the *latter*, how dare you violate our laws *even* to punish others for transgressing them? Tyranny is as much tyranny in the Bill of Rights Club as in the State Cabinet; and the constitution is as much wounded where it is founded upon *written* and *established* principles by an *unwarrantable* zeal in the *patriot* as by an unwarrantable severity in the minister. But, sir, poor as my opinion is of your understanding, I suspect you more of *design* than *ignorance* where you tell us we have no *legal* remedy for ministerial oppressions. I believe you were rather pleased to say the thing *which is not*, intentionally, than to lose an opportunity of sounding the trumpet of universal disaffection; for without this *decent* paragraph in your letter, you could never have presumed to declare, that it is a farce to call the parliament a complete and adequate representation of the people; nor could you have ever hazarded a hope that a speedy rebellion would involve this kingdom in general destruction.

That I may not seem to misrepresent
L 1 1 2 you

you on a subject of so much importance, I shall give your own immediate language. "It is a farce to call the parliament a complete and adequate representation of the people; against this more than the Middlesex election stares us in the face; it is in vain, therefore, to resort to them, or to postpone our hopes to the feeble remedy of a septennial choice placed in such hands, as never to become expressive of the sense of the community. There remains, however, the good courage of the English nation, which I hope (though there has long appeared too great a deficiency of spirit) will never fail to shew itself when the measure of oppression is fully completed. I am in little doubt that both periods will soon arrive, till which, though I should wish to prevent the occasion, I shall reserve myself, being of opinion with those respectable antients, who held it criminal not to take a part in the commotions of their country."

This passage, Mr. Quondam Secretary, means *something*, or it means *nothing*; it is *sense*, or it is *nonsense*; if therefore, for the credit of your *Squireship's* literary character, we are to annex an idea to it, I call upon you to stand spiritedly forth, and answer if this is not the purport of the extract, "The parliament having expelled Mr. Wilkes (who by the bye was very properly expelled) and the king (as properly) setting a higher value upon the advice of his parliament than upon the remonstrances of a tavern club; the *well-wishers* of the nation have now no way of promoting the general good, (that is, of coming into office, Mr. Morris) but by a civil war—The way to restore peace is to spread universal anarchy, and the method to redress our injured fellow-subjects (that is, of gratifying your own private resentments, Squire) is to over-turn the constitution. And is this the generous purpose for which you are to reserve yourself, my loyal Antient Briton? is it by our blood you desire to re-establish our happiness? is it out of absolute affection to us your countrymen, that you languish for an opportunity of making us cut each others throats?—Truly, my good Squire, we have abundant reason to be thankful for your benevolent intention.—But take care *Bobby boy*—take care—near

as the period of domestic slaughter is in your opinion—it may not, perhaps, be possible to *reserve* yourself to commence it—an unlucky sentence at the Old Bailey—you understand me, *Bobby boy*—may probably prevent you from taking an active part on the occasion, and imitating those respectable antients who held it criminal not to join in the commotions, that is, not to *encrease* the miseries of the community.—The specimen you have now given us of your patriotism, would not promise you any considerable duration of days, if you did not find a sanctuary in your insignificance.

Well, *Squire*, though I have taken particular notice of this spirited passage, in which you exhort the people to murder one another out of resentment to the ministry, and to plunge themselves into immediate destruction, as the surest means of preventing their country from being destroyed; yet I cannot resist the temptation of reconsidering that animated paragraph, as the *beauty* of the expression is equal to the *elevation* of the sentiment, and constitutes the happiest echo to the sense I ever remember to have met with, in the whole extent of my reading. "Petitions and remonstrances have been tried without effect—There remains, however, the *good courage* of the English nation, which I hope (tho' there has long appeared too great a deficiency of spirit) will never fail to shew itself when the measure of oppression is fully completed. I am in little doubt that *both* periods will soon arrive, till which though I should wish *to prevent* the occasion, I shall reserve myself, being of opinion with those respectable antients who held it criminal not to take a part in the commotions of their country."

We will now, if you please, *Squire Morris*, take a view of this entire passage as it stands: and, first, "*petitions and remonstrances have been tried without effect*"—That is, an infamous attempt to disunite the king and his parliament has failed.—Truly this is a grievance of the most alarming nature; because the British legislature should always be subservient to the caprices of a despicable club at the London Tavern. "*There remains, however, the good courage of the English nation*"—What, my little Squire, "*in an age so spiritless*"

spiritless and abandoned as the present? Is the want of spirit the characteristic of courage, and publick virtue the necessary concomitant of profligacy? I am sure, Master Bobby, you never learned a doctrine of this nature among the inhabitants of your own principality; they are as remarkable for their good-sense as their probity, and will, I am satisfied, on this occasion be as little apt as any other members of the community, to allow patriotism a sufficient plea for absurdity and disaffection. But here follows a master-piece of reasoning, my noble-minded Squire—"There remains, however, the good courage of the English nation, which, I hope, (though there has long appeared too great a deficiency of spirit) will never fail to shew itself when the measure of oppression is fully completed."—I will not here take notice, my modern Cato, on the whimsical mode of making the deficiency of spirit, a kind of reason for your complimenting the courage of the nation, but proceed to your hope, that this courage will never fail to shew itself when the measure of oppression is fully completed. — In a hope of such a kind, Master Morris, you will be cordially joined by every honest man in the kingdom.—But, my dear sir, do not summon us to arms till the measure of oppression is fully completed; according to your own declaration, it is not yet time to seek a refuge in rebellion, from the tyranny of administration, because your own labours in the cause of liberty have been attended with some effect; and because the measure of oppression can never be full, while we are allowed the possession of any one franchise warranted by the constitution. — To say that the measure is full, when you yourself allow that additional oppressions may be poured in, is perhaps perfectly consistent with the ideas of patriotic property; plain men, however, will find it difficult to reconcile how a thing is, which is not, and will possibly tell us, that none but the renowned Secretary Morris could give absolute non-entities a state of positive existence. Having thus, sir, exhorted us to butcher one another, only when the measure of oppression is full; and yet called us out for that pretty business before the arrival of the necessary crisis, you ven-

ture to prophecy that both periods are near at hand. What, both, my dear Mr. Morris?—Though you are utterly unacquainted with the principles of logical debate, your *secretaryship* is not surely without some little apprehension of grammatical construction. The only period you were talking of was the period in which the measure of our public injuries was to be completed. At that period, indeed, you hope the good courage of the nation will be exerted, and I hope so too.—But why you should give *duality* to an *unit*, and make a *couple* of periods out of *one*, in a letter which you had written with such a minuteness of critical accuracy, is beyond my comprehension to guess; unless that your facility in multiplying public grievances, leads you also to multiply every thing else. and that your judgement, like your patriotism, is perpetually stretched upon the rack of exaggeration.—But to go on.

"I am in little doubt that BOTH periods will soon arrive, 'till which, tho' I should wish to PREVENT the occasion, I shall reserve myself." In the former parts of my animadversions upon your letter, Squire, I have chiefly attempted to expose your ignorance, and to chastise your vanity; here, however, I must dispute your veracity, and while I laugh at the poverty of your understanding, indulge a compassionate uneasiness for the depravity of your heart.—And can you, sir, after the repeated contradictions you have at least *inadvertently* fallen into, on purpose to calumniate the government; after endeavouring to kindle, as far as you could endeavour to kindle, the fatal flame of disaffection thro' your country—I say, sir, after this, can you seriously tell us you would wish to prevent the occasion of civil dissensions, and be happy to find your fellow-subjects flourishing in an enviable state of tranquillity? For shame, Mr. Morris, for shame—though destitute of common sense, you may nevertheless entertain some regard for common honesty, and prudently avoid the abhorrence, however you incur the contempt of the community.

Though heartily weary, my good Squire, of splashing through the puddle of patriotism, I am under such a necessity of performing what I promise,

wise, that the drudgery I must necessarily undergo should procure me even your excuse, and be deemed a sufficient expiation of every political sin, which, in the course of my observations upon your *manifesto*. I may unfortunately commit against the cause of popularity. The more I peruse your letter, sir, the more I am astonished at the *ingenious perplexity* of your reasoning, at the *regular confusion*, as Addison happily phrases it, of your periods, and the inimitable *incongruity* of your assertions. What, for instance, can exceed the sublime stupidity of the following declaration?—*“Having given this account of my principles, and these reasons for my conduct, I must now resign the office of secretary, which I have been honoured with in your society since its commencement.”* With all possible deference to your secretaryship, give me leave to ask, *What* account you have given of your principles, or *what* reasons you have assigned for your conduct, previous to this sentence in your letter? You have talked, indeed, about *oppression*, and about the *period* in which the *measure* of that oppression is to be completed; you have pompously told us, that it is not your fault “if Mr. Wilkes has not been sufficiently rewarded for all his troubles,” and you have expressed a wish to see him as easy in his circumstances as you know him independent in his sentiments. But what is all this, my dear sir, to your principles, or your conduct? ‘Tis neither *accounting* for the one, nor *giving reasons* for the other. Be satisfied, however, upon this head—the publick do not care a sixpence for you, or your conduct. Your actions are as much below their notice as your person, and they only consider you as a kind of monkey on the wire of politics, which excites their ridicule, but cannot engage their serious reflection.

But to proceed: *I shall still be proud of associating with men, who, I am persuaded, have effectually removed themselves, by the decisive part which they have taken against the most favourite and determined measures of the court, from trust, honour, or employ, whilst the present system of affairs continues.”*—Well, sir, what shall we say to you now? Here you have *resigned* the office of secretary to the society at the London

Tavern, an office which gave you an additional relation to that illustrious body, and you tell us in the same breath, that you will still be *proud* of associating with the members; for I suppose you mean the *members*, by the men “*who have effectually removed themselves from trust, honour, or employ.*” Surely, Master Morris, if you were so *proud* of their company, you would scarcely part with the secretaryship in disgust, that is, *without leave*, as you yourself candidly tell us, and moreover say, that you were *tired of it*. The same publick good which rendered their existence necessary as a band of patriots to controul the determinations of government, rendered the continuance of your *Squireship* necessary in the honourable capacity of their prime minister; for if their deliberations are not sufficiently important to require the assistance of a scribe, I am afraid they will not be sufficiently important to merit the attention of the kingdom.

‘Tis true indeed you assert, that you “*would not have undertaken it at first, but in expectation that it would have soon fallen to the lot of others in turn.*” This is rather odd, my dear Master Morris, because you particularly set out with telling us, that the post you held in the Bill of Rights Club, you *shall ever esteem to be one of the greatest honours of your life.*—Is there such a mighty hardship in accepting a *very great honour*? or is not a real lover of his country to consult rather the rectitude of his own principles, than the levity of other people’s? The more burdensome the office, therefore, and the more it was declined by your *publick-spirited* associates, the more you were bound by the tie of *patriotism*, not only to enter upon, but to keep it.—The first duty a *patriot* owes, is to his country, and that duty must be paid in preference to all other obligations.—How you have discharged this duty, I submit to yourself, who have left the SOCIETY OF THE LONDON TAVERN without a secretary, and in consequence stopped the great axis upon which all their labours must necessarily turn, to snatch us from destruction. Suppose, sir, that the cause of British freedom has not even received a mortal wound in your fatal resignation: suppose your resignation

resignation has not convulsed the mighty fabric of this stupendous empire to its very centre: yet, give me leave to ask, who will venture to succeed a man of your *amazing* abilities in the secretaryship? When the political Atlas declares the weight too mighty for his shoulders, and requires even *more* than the temporary relief of a Hercules; who will attempt to stand forth? Exalted a genius as I am, I should shrink from the enterprize, even if *Esquire* was to attend my name at full length, in all the society advertisements, and my reckoning to be paid into the bargain.

To do you justice, Squire, it is not because you are unmindful of the national good that you resign the secretaryship, but because you are *tired of your share of the patriotic burden*, and because you have *something else to do*. And so, sir, you are really weary of serving your country—you are, at last, fatigued in the chace of glory, and relinquish the *first honour of your life* from an utter inability to sustain the load any longer! Yet, sir, if you are thus tired with promoting the public good, on what pretence do you presume to charge others with their indolence or venality? Have not they a right to be fatigued as well as your quondam secretaryship? Or are you the only person whose disregard of the public happiness is to be meritorious? But I ask your pardon, sir—It was not the cause of the public, but the cause of a *persecuted* individual, which you were espousing; not the interest of the kingdom, but the resentments of Mr. Wilkes. Ah, Master Morris, I will forgive you all your patriotism to-morrow, if you will only get me *persecuted* in the same manner; if you will get the world to satisfy my creditors on account of my crimes, and compel the government to pay me above 5000 l. as a reward of my very delinquency. *Persecution*, however, is too great a blessing for a *ministerial hireling*; you patriots are, therefore, resolved to keep it to yourselves, and I have a strong notion, that when you published the curious subject of the present animadversion, you would not have sold the simple chance of imprisonment for a thousand guineas, even to the Treasury of the London Tavern.

As you have hitherto been unhappily disappointed, sir, and as there is no likelihood that your importance will expose you to any considerable danger, let me now enquire how you could be so weak as to acknowledge the secretaryship too heavy, at the very moment in which you were *spiriting us up to a general insurrection*? Surely if the labours of a *standish* are *too much* for you, there is little to be expected from your prowess in the field.—You will find an attack upon the king's troops infinitely *more fatiguing* than the drawing up of an advertisement. Your reserving yourself, therefore, for the hour of danger, gives us no prodigious hopes, as possibly on the eve of a battle you may express yourself *tired of your share in the burden*, and say, *you had something else to do* besides courageously charging the enemy.

Having mentioned this *something else to do*, Master Morris, it is necessary I should examine into those *material* avocations that have thus unexpectedly called you off from the *service* of your country.—Of what nature are they, my dear sir? Are they of a civil kind in your profession as a barrister, or of a military one in your business as a patriot? With regard to the first, I do not believe that you have *very much troubled* the courts at Westminster, since your admission to the bar, notwithstanding the connexions which your secretaryship gave you an opportunity of forming, and notwithstanding the various popular causes afforded so fair an occasion for the display of your abilities. To what shall we attribute this circumstance? Did the worthies with whom you are still proud to be associated, entertain too mean an opinion of your knowledge, or were you *more actively* employed in the service of the society?—Ah, Master Morris, these rogues the patriots are a strange set of people. They have no gratitude, and never encourage the best affected blockhead, without a likelihood of advancing their own interest. I do not wonder therefore, at your resigning your office in dudgeon, though I wonder much at the *manner* of your doing it. And if the *else to do* has any latent reference to a design of raising volunteers, for immediate service, I would see every mother soul of them

crucified before I would excite a rebellion on their account, or venture my neck without the express certainty of some specific consideration.

As to the odium which may have fallen upon your name, during your continuance in the secretaryship, I am surprised you should feel the least uneasiness on that head: because, you yourself say, you will esteem it your greatest reward; yet, upon recollection, the speech is perfectly in character for you; it carries absurdity to the last paragraph of your letter, and it is no way odd you should be fearful of your greatest reward, when you are weary of the greatest honour you enjoyed, since the very first hour of your existence.

Though I have now done with you, Squire Morris, I cannot conclude without observing that there is one very striking truth in your elaborate epistle, and that I think it worth my while, for the public benefit, to transcribe the opinion which so zealous a patriot as your Squireship entertains of the principal performers in the present farce of patriotism. Here, gentle reader, is what the late secretary

to the *Bill of Rights Club* says of those parliamentary leaders, under whose auspices his own society regulated all their operations:

The support of Mr. Wilkes, that victim to a woman's wrath, is a test to which the great leaders of parliamentary opposition will never submit. They behold in him an insurmountable barrier to the expected gratification of their labours. We have seen them separate themselves from him, and from his cause, (unless where they could make it subservient to their own ambition) as they would from an infection; and whilst they continue so separated, I shall look upon them to be interested men, more studious to do themselves good, than their country. What must your society be, Master Morris, who are the tools of such men? and what must you be, who have remained so long the tool of that society?

But it is high time to dismiss so paltry a subject: leaving you, therefore, to chew the cud of you own reflection, Squire, I bid your heartily farewell, and remain your dispassionate adviser.

WORMWOOD.

THE BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

AS the Benevolent Society have frequently taken opportunities of conveying civil things of themselves, by dealing out the complimentary letters of their correspondents; they will neither hesitate to insert, nor apologize for the insertion of many epistles which have this month reached their hands, however mortifying the charges they contain---only begging leave to observe, that as they have the ingenuousness to kiss the rod, they do hope it will not be deemed mean or presumptuous to attempt exculpating themselves, where the fact must speak itself; in a word, such is the present rage for politics, that notwithstanding the London Magazine very readily admitted them to figure away on the first commencement of their society, it is with the utmost difficulty that they can procure the small ground they now occupy; for it is not the proceedings of benevolence, the inter-

esting tale, or the moral reflection, that has charms for the present generation.---Politicks, politicks, is the universal demand; no wonder therefore that politicks is the only page prepared for modern perusal. But our correspondents shall speak for themselves.

TO THE BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.
LADIES,

AS I was one of your first admirers when you merited that distinction, I cannot but conceive myself justified, when becoming one of your first accusers on your meriting condemnation. Nothing of you now remains but your name: instead of pursuing the little train you had presented us with, of your Miss Bristow's being solicited for a wife, and the conquest Mrs. Lloyd had made of the very swain from whom you received that peculiar solicitation: instead of proceeding with your histories, your characters

letters, your reflexions, or your lessons of instruction, all you think proper to bestow upon your readers, at least for this last month, is a couple of letters, that might as well have been addressed merely to the printer, as to any society under the sun, for the meaning, or analogy of their contents. Nay, I need not confine my charge to the last month, for if you yourselves will but condescend to run over your publications for many preceding ones, you will find that you have been dwindling and dwindling, as if your only view was to return to your native obscurity. But why, let me ask, if you mean to leave your friends and correspondents in the lurch, why not candidly confess as much? It was your own inclination that gave you to the *world*, consequently that *world* has no claims upon any thing but your good manners and your justice. Whilst you pretend to exist, do not be in reality the ghost of what you was; nor whilst you affect a wish to be read, offend the understanding, and abuse the good opinion of your readers. For my part I will own to you, though I despaired of a personal acquaintance, I had resolved to introduce myself, by an account of my life and conversation, to a literary one: for which purpose (nor can I patiently reflect upon the check my vanity has received) have I for weeks past (I mean weeks previous to your *decline*) been dressing up all the common incidents of my days, for the pleasure of seeing them on the benevolent list, and promised myself that I should have met with some small marks of approbation. But I will play an open game---uninteresting though you may conceive the particular common life to be, the particulars of mine shall never have a place in the London Magazine, unless in conjunction with more spirited articles than have for a long time appeared under your sanction. No, no, rather let me be satisfied with inglorious solitude, than submit to disreputable publication: let me—but I will wait a month or two longer before I come to a final resolution, or *come to be*

Your constant reader,

MARTHA RUSTICUS.

Sept. 1770.

To the BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

FRIEND Milnham (for such, I think, thou wast called, when thou wast given to the public, as president of the new constructed society) it is with abundant concern that I behold thee flying fast from thy original professions, and exchanging the *gems* of benevolence for the *gewgaws* of literature. However I might wish that thy periods were more simply pointed, or thy little narratives less replete with decorations; there was something in thy very title that sanctified thee: and if thou hadst not all the perfection I could have wished thee, thou hadst, at least, a strong negative claim to approbation; thou wast inoffensive; my daughters Rachael and Rebecca might be trusted to read thee, even unexamined by the cautious eye of a tender parent; for if thou didst not improve, thou wast sure not to wound their harmless minds. Nor is it because *thou* art the only writer of the age, that I thus lament thy approaching loss; but, alas! neighbour, can it be denied that where there is great *abilities*, there is generally great vices, and that the *wit* is expected to atone for the *licentiousness* of the page. But let the error prevail, for it beareth its punishment in its hand. A vitiated taste must be excluded from every worthy gratification; and as the season of laughter endureth but for a day, from whence can these sons of levity draw consolation? Corrupted fountains can never afford pure waters. Observe this, be duely admonished, and instead of light letters which begin only to end, for the future bestow what may amuse and instruct, consequently reconcile thee to thy well-wisher

EPHRAIM CONSTANCE.

To the BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

Ladies,

WHAT I prophesied in the moment your establishment transpired, is now come to pass---and like Sir Francis Wronghead, though you talked *floutly* at first, you cannot *auld* it.—A very pretty story truly! you were to put vivacity out of countenance, and convert all the girls of fifteen into *formalists* of fourscore: but it is plain, that if the damsels you spread out as *examples* were simple enough

M m m

enough to be caught in the first instance, they had too much sense to wear your trammels: and I suppose, if the truth was known, your Miss Bristow is gone off to Scotland, with some divine creature in the Guards; the Miss Middletons made their several elopements; Mrs. Lloyd married, and resolved, that should she even bury her second husband, not to lead a solitary life; your Amelias, your Lavinias, your Penelopes, with the whole catalogue of nymphs, wandered wide from the path you had assigned them; when in order to save your credit with the public after all your parade, some of the antiquated members endeavour to supply the deficiency, and idly hope, whilst we find a *single* letter with the seal of *benevolence*, we shall forget the large packets the society were wont to boast.

But, ladies, the trick will not pass: I myself am authorized by a little multitude, to assure you that they can distinguish limbs from a *complete* body; and that however they might be compelled to acknowledge that the *tout ensemble* was not despicable, they do not scruple to despise the shattered, the disjointed graces, with which you now present yourselves. O, my dear ladies, my dear ladies, was it for you, who were for combating even the *shades* of impropriety, who were so extravagantly *right*, that it was impossible for you not to be *wrong*; was it, I say, for you to fly the cause you had espoused, and give so unlooked for, so un hoped for, and so dangerous a triumph to *your* enemies, consequently the enemies of all that is great and amiable? Better had it been for the cause never to have known a defender, than thus to be betrayed. Oh! all ye laughing deities, what a sacrifice to your shrine! prudery and morality are no more.

I am, ladies, with all possible veneration,
your's,

ANTI-MELPOMENE.

Thus far by way of specimen: but instead of ringing too many changes upon our demerits, we cannot but conceive it will be wisest to direct all our attention to retrieving the good opinion of our readers and correspondents: therefore begging that we may be generally tolerated, till we have

had an opportunity either of *rising* again into some degree of reputation, or confirming our *fall* by future publications; we return thanks for all favours, but particularly these last, as they have conveyed a home lesson, that it was but too necessary we should learn the lesson of self-correction.

The CRITICS CRITICISED, and REVIEWERS REVIEWED. Or an impartial Defence of the late Archbishop Secker's Letter to Mr. Walpole. Continued from p. 410.

BUT it seems the foregoing insinuations of his Grace's *ART*, and of his *appearance* of moderation and candour, and the foregoing excellent objection to his Lordship's scheme, were not deemed by a certain writer a sufficient attack upon his Grace's character. No not though it was even urged by his friends the *Monthly Reviewers*. No other method it seems was sufficient in this writer's opinion for a refutation of his Grace's arguments, and the gratification of his own spleen, than a commentary on the letter. And inspired by this noble undertaking, the *Monthly Reviewers* themselves grow more bold in their attack upon the character of the late archbishop, and now even dare to venture, like the *ass* in the *fable*, to *strip the dead lion of his skin*.

This critical commentary (say they) is a "very smart attack on the archbishop and his letter: should any one deem it unfair, in this manner, to disturb the repose of the dead, the writer thus apologizes for himself; *that he who contrives to spread bad principles and to recommend mischievous projects after his demise, which he does not chuse to publish and avow in his life-time, is no longer entitled to the benefit of that common maxim, De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" "This (say the *Monthly Reviewers* in a note) reminds us of Dr. S. Johnson's striking remarks on the posthumous publication of Lord Bolingbroke's philosophical writings: *The scoundrel charged his blunderbuss against the happiness and peace of mankind; but like a coward, not daring to let it off himself, he left Mallet to pull the trigger.*"

Surely the ideas of these ingenious gentlemen,

gentlemen, the *Monthly Reviewers*, must be very loosely connected together, that the publication of the posthumous work of Dr. Secker should put them in mind of this severe tho' witty and just sarcasm on the posthumous publication of Lord Bolingbroke's works. That they were indeed both posthumous works, and therefore so far there was a similitude between them, is certain; but *this* is a similitude which they have only in common with a thousand other productions. That they were likewise both ordered to be published by their respective authors, in this too there is a resemblance between them; but as this resemblance likewise is only common to them with many other writings, neither will this circumstance account for the wonderful *reminiscence* of these *sagacious* critics at this particular time. And in all other respects these works are as diametrically contrary to each other, as light to darkness. For have the *pious* works of the archbishop any resemblance to the *impious* ones of the temporal lord? has the pleading for a *toleration* of the *most limited episcopacy* in America, the least similitude with the using endeavours for the *demolition* of the *whole* of *Christianity throughout the world*? has the conduct of the worthy executors of the late archbishop of Canterbury, in publishing a work which tends only to preserve the *existence* of a *certain form* of *ecclesiastical government*, any resemblance to the conduct of the executor of Viscount Bolingbroke in publishing works which tend to loose men from all the sacred ties of religion? What then could induce these *fertile genii* to entertain their readers with this *bon-mot* at this particular time? What an insult is it on the understanding of their readers, if the Reviewers thought that *they* would imagine there was any propriety in the application of it? But if the truth is, that the digestion of these critics is really so bad, that they cannot help *throwing up* such crude and indigested ideas, at least let them for the future have the decency not to venture to do it in the presence of the publick. But to return to the commentator: Had he commented on the letter with *less acrimony*, it is to be hoped he would have been capable of using *more argu-*

ment. For at present he exhibits a most plentiful portion of the former, and nothing to which any one but the *Reviewers* would give the name of the latter. He accuses his Grace and his executors of want of *candour* and *common justice* in not publishing Lord Walpole's letter as well as the answer, or not suppressing both. But suppose neither his Grace nor his executors had it in their power to publish Lord Walpole's letter; were they bound by candour and justice to suppress *sentiments* which they thought would be beneficial to the world, because they were not able to publish a letter which contained opposite sentiments? Surely this writer has very different ideas of the duties of mankind from those who walk the plain high road of common sense. Had the letter indeed been written to Dr. Secker, it would have been very probable that it had been in his power to have published it, but as it was written to Dr. Sherlock, and the archbishop only thanks Lord Walpole for a sight of it, though the commentator thinks it very *probable*, it is certainly very *improbable* that either his Grace or his executors had it in their power to publish it.

He likewise attacks his Grace for not rescinding his order for publishing this letter to Mr. Walpole, when he had lived to see the Americans so much irritated against their mother country. And he asks "whether his executors could think of doing any honour to his Grace's *prudence*, his *charity*, or his *moderation*, by exposing it to the publick at this time." But surely a very little reflexion would have enabled this commentator to have answered himself, that though it shows a *want* of prudence in reducing even an excellent scheme to *practice* at an improper time, yet there is no *want* of prudence, charity, or moderation, in showing that a *scheme* is *excellent*, and leaving it to others to judge of the *properest time* for *executing* it.

In answer to the inconveniences which his Grace has mentioned as attending the present mode of supplying America with clergymen, by the Americans either coming to England for orders, or sending clergymen from England to America, (which is the fundamental point in the whole controversy) the commentator advances

not the least shadow of an argument. He says, indeed, that if the Americans did not come into England for orders, but "were empowered to *manufacture* deacons and priests for themselves, as well as other things, which they have hitherto *imported* from hence, they would in time have a church *independent* upon that in the mother country." How the *tolerating episcopacy* in America could make it *more independent* of its mother country, is not easily conceivable. But if it would, and this was Mr. Walpole's reason for disapproving the scheme, what reason could the commentator have for abusing his Grace and his executors for tending to irritate the minds of the Americans more against us, than the stamp act has already done, and we doubt with too much reason? If this observation of his be just, the sending bishops to America would surely lessen the flame, not increase it. But this observation of the commentators was (we believe from some of the expressions) intended only as a flash of *wit*, and it must be confessed that it has at least so far the marks of it (according to Mr. Locke's definition) as to be the very *reverse* of judgement.

As to the other inconvenience (he asks) how would the matter be mended by sending *bishops* instead of *priests*? He says, "every consideration drawn from the nature of the service, the danger of the voyage, absence from family connexions, &c. would operate as much in the one case as in the other." But we fancy this writer will alter his opinion, if he will only ask himself, whether *even he* should not be more easily induced to leave his connexions in England for the archbishoprick of Armagh, than for the deanery of St. Patrick's. But however this may be, it is certain, that so long as *human nature* is such that *temporal inconveniencies* can have any effect to *deter*, so long *temporal conveniencies* will have power to *invite*.

We have neither time nor room to expose all the futile objections of this *flimsy* commentator; we have exposed enough of them to give our readers a notion of the abilities he exhibits in this performance, whom the Critical Reviewers oracularly pronounce to be one of the ablest controversial writers

of this age. If he be, we will then venture to affirm, that there never was an age since letters were at all cultivated, in which the faculty of reason was so little exerted.

It has also been asserted that the author of the *confessional* and of this *commentary* are the same person, but I hope those who asserted it are mistaken. For if this assertion be true, it affords a *melancholy* proof, that the author of the *confessional* aims only to destroy the present form of ecclesiastical government in this kingdom, for the sake of introducing some other form, founded on far more *intolerant* principles than *episcopacy*; and which, when established, would refuse *that toleration* to *episcopacy*, which *episcopacy* now grants to it. ARISTARCHUS.

To the PRINTER, &c.

S I R,

ONE of your ingenious correspondents, in your last month's Magazine, having taken notice of the Monthly Reviewers' *affectation* of candour, relative to Dr. Reid's *enquiry into the human mind on the principles of common sense*, permit me to give you the following short, but true account of their conduct in that respect. They *pretended*, that it was from regard to the ingenuity of the Dr. that they did not refute his very unphilosophical work; but let your readers determine, whether their *true* reason was not their *inability* to do it, since they *did* insert a refutation of it, which was sent them by a correspondent. And so *ignorant* were the Monthly Reviewers *even* at *that* time, that they looked upon that refutation as a *defence* of Mr. Locke's principles, though it was as much a refutation of *his*, as of Dr. Reid's. And so *consistent* are they, that this very correspondent who sent them that letter (which they themselves called ingenious) was likewise the author of *the explanations of difficult texts of scripture, in four dissertations*, which they so *virulently* abused upon INFIDEL principles (because they admitted of none upon *christian* principles) and he was also the author of the "letter to them in defence of the dissertations," for which they politely called him *fool*, and said he could not write *common sense*. I am, sir,

Your very humble servant,

A. B.
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To the PRINTER, &c.

SIR,

As your Magazine is a repository of useful, as well as agreeable productions, I beg leave to recommend to your notice, the plan of a society lately established, called THE PROVIDENT SOCIETY, for the benefit of age; it being formed upon such rational principles, as to have attracted the notice of the publick, insomuch, that in less than seven months it has acquired upwards of a thousand members: its view being entirely for the service of mankind, the inserting of it among your essays must be productive of general good, and will oblige, Sir, your constant reader,

11 Sept. 1770.

PHILANTHROPOS.

PROVIDENT SOCIETY, for the Benefit of Age, established the 21st of February, 1770.

Abstract of the Terms and Conditions for the Admission of Members into the said Society, held (at present) at the Feathers Tavern in Cheapside, London; and instituted solely with the View to settle and establish, in the more advanced Part of Life, a Provision, on moderate Terms, for all such Persons, of either Sex, who may become Members of the same.

Note, The Deed of Settlement of this Society, is enrolled in the High Court of Chancery, and the Capital Stock thereof laid out in Government Securities, in the Bank of England, in the Names of 24 Joint-Treasurers or Trustees.

I. THAT all persons becoming members of this society, of either sex, at the age of 50, having been members ten years, shall be intitled to an annuity of *twenty-five pounds per annum*, during life, without any deduction whatever, together with such an increase thereof, as the fund of the society will admit, not exceeding *fifty pounds in any one year*.

II. That all persons of either sex, commencing members at 40 years of age or upwards, must continue such for ten years, from the time of entrance, before they become intitled to the aforesaid annuity.

III. That any person may subscribe for 1, 2, 3, or 4 shares, and thereby be intitled to 1, 2, 3, or 4 times the above annuity, together with such an increase on each share as the capital of the society will permit, by paying for

each share, according to the terms of admission expressed in either of the following tables.

IV. That any person may subscribe on the life of another, the person paying the subscription to be deemed the member of this society, and be intitled to the annuity; and the person on whose life the subscription is made will be only deemed a nominee, and no way intitled to the said annuity; provided, however, that no more than four shares be subscribed for on any one life.

N. B. Any share or shares on the life of a nominee, may be transferred to the said nominee, or any other person, at the pleasure of the subscriber.

V. That all persons of either sex (Jews excepted) may become members of this society, but shall reside in Great-Britain or Ireland, at the time of his or her admission; excepting only officers of the army or navy, or any other persons trading on the seas, who in such cases, by reason of their several professions and occupations, are exempted from the necessity of their residing in these kingdoms, and may likewise become members of this society, on their empowering any person to pay their respective subscriptions, and conforming with the several terms and conditions of admission into this society; and all persons in general, on their becoming members, must pay an admission fine, according to their age, if 20 years old and upwards (there being no admission fine to be paid by any person under 20) and shall subscribe according to the first of the following tables, the first half yearly payment on admission, which subscription shall continue to be paid every half year, by every member, according to his or her respective age, at entrance, until the day they become intitled to receive their respective annuities, on which day the said half yearly payments to cease.

So great has been the success of this society, that although it has not been formed quite seven months, our number is now upwards of 1000, which great encouragement has induced the managers, and several others of the society, to propose to the general meetings thereof several improvements, among which is the table, No. II. by which any person of any age may be admitted on paying their first half yearly payment, without paying any admission fine.

TABLE

TABLE I.
With Admission Fine.

The first Column expresses the Age, the second the Admission Fine to be paid by Persons of any Age, and the third the Half yearly Payment constantly to be paid by every Person becoming a Member, until they receive their respective Annuity, and then to cease.

Age	Admis. Fine.	Half yearly Payments	Age	Admis. Fine	Half yearly Payments
	Guineas	£. s. d.		Guineas	£. s. d.
1	—	0 5 3	33	21	1 17 0
2	—	0 5 6	33½	22	1 19 0
3	—	0 5 9	34	23	2 1 0
4	—	0 6 0	34½	24	2 3 3
5	—	0 6 6	35	24	2 5 6
6	—	0 7 0	35½	25	2 8 3
7	—	0 7 6	36	25	2 11 0
8	—	0 8 0	36½	26	2 14 6
9	—	0 8 6	37	26	2 18 0
10	—	0 9 3	37½	27	3 1 3
11	—	0 10 0	38	27	3 4 6
12	—	0 10 9	38½	28	3 9 0
13	—	0 11 6	39	28	3 13 6
14	—	0 12 6	39½	29	3 18 9
15	—	0 13 6	40	30	4 4 0
16	—	0 14 6	41	30	4 4 0
17	—	0 15 6	42	30	4 4 0
18	—	0 16 6	43	30	4 2 6
19	—	0 17 6	44	30	4 1 0
20	1	0 18 0	45	30	3 19 6
20½	2	0 19 0	46	28	3 18 0
21	2	1 0 0	47	26	3 16 6
21½	3	1 0 6	48	24	3 15 0
22	3	1 1 0	49	21	3 13 6
22½	4	1 1 6	50	18	3 12 0
23	4	1 2 0	51	15	3 10 6
23½	5	1 2 6	52	13	3 9 0
24	5	1 3 0	53	11	3 7 6
24½	6	1 3 6	54	9	3 6 0
25	6	1 4 0	55	7	3 4 0
25½	7	1 4 6	56	5	3 2 0
26	7	1 5 0	57	3	3 0 0
26½	8	1 5 6	58	2	2 17 6
27	9	1 6 0	59	1	2 14 0
27½	10	1 6 6	60	—	2 12 6
28	11	1 7 0	61	—	2 10 0
28½	12	1 7 6	62	—	2 7 6
29	13	1 8 0	63	—	2 5 0
29½	14	1 8 9	64	—	2 2 6
30	15	1 9 6	65	—	2 0 0
30½	16	1 10 3	66	—	1 17 6
31	17	1 11 0	67	—	1 14 0
31½	18	1 12 6	68	—	1 10 0
32	19	1 14 0	69	—	1 6 0
32½	20	1 15 6	70	—	1 1 0
And every person above 70 to pay					1 0 0

TABLE II.
Without Admission Fine.

The first Column expresses the Age, the second shows the constant half yearly Payment to be paid by Persons of every Age, from the Time of Admission to the Day they receive their respective Annuity, and then to cease.

Age	Half yearly Pay. without Admis. Fine	Age	Half yearly Pay. without Admis. Fine
	£. s. d.		£. s. d.
1	0 5 3	33	2 16 6
2	0 5 6	33½	2 19 3
3	0 5 9	34	3 2 0
4	0 6 0	34½	3 5 9
5	0 6 6	35	3 9 6
6	0 7 0	35½	3 13 6
7	0 7 6	36	3 17 6
8	0 8 0	36½	4 2 3
9	0 8 6	37	4 7 0
10	0 9 3	37½	4 12 6
11	0 10 0	38	4 18 0
12	0 10 9	38½	5 4 9
13	0 11 6	39	5 12 0
14	0 12 6	39½	5 19 9
15	0 13 6	40	6 8 0
16	0 14 6	41	6 8 0
17	0 15 6	42	6 8 0
18	0 16 6	43	6 4 0
19	0 17 6	44	6 0 0
20	1 0 0	45	5 16 0
20½	1 0 6	46	5 12 0
21	1 2 0	47	5 8 0
21½	1 2 9	48	5 4 0
22	1 3 6	49	5 0 0
22½	1 4 3	50	4 16 0
23	1 5 0	51	4 12 0
23½	1 6 0	52	4 8 0
24	1 7 0	53	4 3 6
24½	1 8 0	54	3 19 0
25	1 9 0	55	3 14 6
25½	1 10 3	56	3 10 0
26	1 11 6	57	3 5 0
26½	1 12 6	58	3 0 6
27	1 13 6	59	2 15 6
27½	1 14 9	60	2 12 6
28	1 16 0	61	2 10 0
28½	1 17 9	62	2 7 0
29	1 19 6	63	2 5 6
29½	2 1 3	64	2 2 6
30	2 3 0	65	2 0 6
30½	2 5 0	66	1 17 0
31	2 7 0	67	1 14 0
31½	2 9 3	68	1 10 0
32	2 11 6	69	1 6 0
32½	2 14 0	70	1 1 0
Every person above 70			1 0 0

Every person, on admission, pays, besides his respective half yearly subscription, the sum of five shillings, once for all, as number money, which serves to defray the contingent expences of this society.

NOTES

NOTES respecting TABLE I.

When the number shall be 1200, the ages of 40 to 42 must pay an admission fine of 31 guineas: when the number shall be 1400, the ages of 40 to 42 must pay 32 guineas: when the number shall be 1600, the ages of 40 to 42 shall pay 33 guineas: the ages of 43, 31 guineas; and the age of 39 years and a half 30 guineas: when the number shall be 1800 the ages of 40 to 42 must pay 34 guineas; the age 43, 32 guineas; the age 39 years and a half, 31 guineas; the age 39, 30 guineas: when the number shall be 2000 the ages of 40 to 42 must pay 35 guineas: and afterwards according to such new tables as may be made by this society.

Note, All persons may be admitted by either of the above tables until our number shall be full 2000.

Any persons, who chuse to save themselves trouble, may make their payments yearly.

When the fine in the first table comes to 10 guineas and upwards, it may be paid, if desired, by one moiety at admission, and the other moiety six months afterwards with the second half yearly payment.

When the fine amounts to 16 guineas and upwards, one half thereof may be paid on admission, and the remaining half in two equal payments with the two succeeding half yearly payments.

When the fine amounts to 20 guineas and upwards, 8 guineas thereof may be paid at admission, and the remainder in two equal payments the succeeding half years.

When the fine amounts to 24 guineas and upwards, 10 guineas thereof may be paid at admission, and the remainder in two equal payments the next succeeding half years.

VI. As numbers of persons have been desirous of paying the whole of their half yearly payments at once, such persons may now be allowed a large discount for such prompt payment on either of the foregoing tables.

VII. That for the better security of the younger members, a certain sum is provided for by the deed, to be fixed at the expiration of 9 years from the first institution of this society, which sum shall remain undiminished.

VIII. Every member not residing in London, may empower any person to receive his or her annuity, producing a proper certificate of such member being alive on the day the annuity became due.

IX. All the annuitants to be paid half yearly.

X. Every member shall produce, when required by the managers of this society, a certificate, affidavit, or affirmation, of their age, (a reasonable time being allowed for the same;) nor shall any member receive the annuity, until such certificate, affidavit, or affirmation, be produced.

XI. There shall be two general meetings of this society every year, viz. on the first Monday in February, and the first Monday in August, notice of which shall be given in two publick news-papers.

XII. No general court shall consist of less than 40 members.

XIII. The general courts are empowered by the deed of settlement of this society, to chuse the managers and auditors, and to appoint the treasurers or trustees for holding the capital stock of this society.

XIV. Any member may after the next general meeting sell and assign over to any person whatever (Jews excepted) all such share or shares, which he may stand possessed of in this society.

XV. No manager, trustee, auditor, or any other officer in this society, except the secretary, are paid any consideration whatever for their trouble and attendance on the business of this society.

N. B. Some of the managers of this society, meet every Wednesday evening at five o'clock precisely, at the Feathers Tavern in Cheapside, London, to admit all persons disposed to become members thereof, &c. All letters (post paid only) directed as above, to the secretary of the society, will be duly answered.

Ladies or others, who cannot attend as above, may be admitted members of this society on sending by a friend, their christian and surname, with their age, profession, place of abode, and the parish or place where born,

List of the Managers, &c. for the present Year 1770.

MANAGERS.

MR. George Seatoun, Gutter-lane, president. Mr. Henry White, Addle-street, Aldermanbury; and Mr. William Clemmons, Upper Thames-street, vice presidents.

Mr. Joseph Fox, Miles's-lane, Cannon-street; Mr. Edward Howard, Great Kirby-street; Mr. Henry Phillips, George-street, Foster-lane; Mr. John Wells, George-street, Minories; Mr. Thomas Barrow, Coleman-street; Mr. Samuel Wells, Great Tower-street; Mr. James Powis, Newington-butts, Surry; Mr. Thomas Pike, Cannon-street; Mr. William Curtis, Lombard-street; Mr. William Gifford, Maiden-lane, Cheap-side; Mr. William Ellyett, Crooked-lane; Mr. Fendall Rushforth, Silver-street, Wood-street.

JOINT TREASURERS OR TRUSTEES,
In whose Names the Stock of the Society is invested.

Mr. James Thomas, Mark-lane; Mr. Henry Phillips, George-street, Foster-lane; Mr. George Seatoun, Gutter-lane; Mr. Henry White, Addle-street, Aldermanbury; Mr. Edward Howard, Great Kirby-street; Mr. Thomas Golding, Old Broad-street;

Mr. James Powis, Newington-butts, Surry; Mr. John Bradney, Great Eastcheap; Mr. John Wells, George-street, Minories; Mr. William Curtis, Lombard-street; Mr. Richard Rayer, Aldersgate-street; Mr. Thomas Pike, Cannon-street; Mr. John French, Tavistock-street; Mr. Edward Brignall, Fleet-street; Mr. Henry Edmonds, Clement's-lane, Lombard-street; Mr. Daniel Smith, Aldermanbury; Capt. Nathaniel Tanner, Hart-street, Bloomsbury; Mr. Charles Storey, Cheap-side; Mr. Edward Feline, King-street, Covent-garden; Mr. William Gifford, Maiden-lane, Cheap-side; Mr. Joseph Bradney, Wood-street, Cheap-side; Mr. William Garland, Fish-street-hill; Mr. Samuel Spencer, Cloisters, West Smith-field; Mr. J. L. Stephani, Winchester-street.

AUDITORS of the Accounts.

Mr. Henry Dearman, of the Bank of England; Mr. John Pearce, of the Bank of England; Mr. David Williams, of the Bank of England; Mr. William Key, Eastcheap; Mr. William Garland, Fish-street-hill.

SECRETARY. Mr. Henry Combrune, Castle-yard, Holborn.

*Feathers Tavern, Cheap-side, London,
September 6, 1770.*

THE BRITISH THEATRE.

On the PROFESSION of a PLAYER.

ESSAY II.

Ut ridentibus adrident, ita flentibus adflent

Humani vultus. Si vis me flere, dolendum est

Primum ipsi tibi.

HOR.

IT is surely not only an object of taste to study theatrical representations, but it may be a matter of very curious philosophical enquiry. What is the nature of that peculiar faculty which makes one a good player? It is something more than an imitative art. A painter can represent upon his canvass, the various appearances which the world affords, with such exactness of shape, and justness of colour, as to be almost mistaken for the objects themselves. He can even represent the affections and passions of the mind, by representing their external effects, which from habit instantaneously convey to us their ideas. The poet can in the same manner give us descriptions of every thing, and by a choice and arrangement of words, the signs of ideas can instantaneously represent

to our imaginations whatever is the subject of his verse: but the player "*lives o'er each scene,*" and, in a certain sense "*is what we behold;*" and this constitutes the mysterious difficulty of being a good player: for by what power is it that a man is able at a certain hour to change himself into a different kind of being from what he really is? How is it that a man, perfectly easy and happy, can make himself wretched and sorrowful without the intervention of any cause whatever, but a voluntary operation of his own mind? And supposing him by intense meditation on melancholy subjects, to have at length effectuated so difficult an operation, how does he regulate his sorrow so as to correspond exactly with the part assigned him in the play? How does he adapt his feelings to the vicissitudes of hope and fear which are intermingled in the drama? I am persuaded, that the better a part is written, the less difficulty will there be in playing it well. I say playing it well; because to a bad player, to one who only mimicks the character he represents, well or ill written

written parts will be alike easy; but I am persuaded that Mr. GARRICK will tell us, that it is easy to him to play a part in which the passions display themselves naturally. In such a part, when he is once entered into the character, it's different effusions are like the effusions of his own mind: whereas he will tell us, that it is difficult for him to play a part in which the passions are pushed forth in a forced and unnatural manner. In such a part every folly is a shock to him, and he plays it with the same aversion, that a master of music, of a good ear, and refined taste, does a harsh and discordant composition.

When I talk of the mysterious power of a good player, which has just now been mentioned, I take it for granted that my proposition is not denied, that a good player is indeed in a certain sense the character that he represents, during the time of his performance; and that this is truly the case, I have been assured by that great ornament of the stage, whom I have had occasion to mention several times in the course of these reflexions.

I am aware that my proposition, that a player is really and truly the character in which he appears, may be misrepresented; and I remember to have heard the most illustrious author of this age, whose conversation is thought by many even to excel his writings, exert his eloquence against this proposition, and with the luxuriance of humour for which he is distinguished, render it exceedingly ridiculous: "If, sir, said he, Garrick believes himself to be every character that he represents, he is a madman and ought to be confined. Nay, sir, he is a villain, and ought to be hanged. If, for instance, he believes himself to be Macbeth, he has committed murder, he is a vile assassin; who, in violation of the laws of hospitality, as well as of other principles, has imbrued his hands in the blood of his king while he was sleeping under his roof. If, sir, he has really been that person in his own mind, he has in his own mind been as guilty as Macbeth." But without staying to investigate the difference between a man in the full exercise of his reason, and a man mad or beside himself, which a player in the sense now mentioned would certainly be; I beg leave

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to remind my readers, that I qualified my proposition by saying that a player is the character he represents only *in a certain degree*; and therefore there is a distinction between his being what I have said, and his being the character he represents in the full sense of the expression.

How to define my meaning with precision I am really at a loss. I have already said, that the power of which I treat is mysterious, consequently it is difficult to put it in words. I heartily wish that Mr. Garrick would give us an Essay on that subject; as he is so fully master of it, and writes with precision and vivacity, such a performance by him would be a curious and entertaining present to the public. We would read an Essay by Mr. Garrick on the art of acting, as we do Xenophon and Cæsar, or the king of Prussia, on the art of war. Colley Cibber justly regrets, that the talents of the greatest actor die with him; and that it is impossible to give succeeding ages, who have never seen him, an adequate idea of his wonderful powers. In that respect the poet and painter have the advantage over him; for the painter can say, *pingo æternitati*, I paint for eternity!—The poet, *exegi monumentum ære perennius*, I have finished a monument more lasting than brass! These were the expressions of an ancient painter, and of an ancient poet: and they were expressions by no means absurd, or extravagant; for the works of a painter and poet are transmitted down from age to age with successive admiration: it is not so with the player: his talents, by which multitudes have been affected, leave no trace behind them; but like the talents of the orator and musical performer, appear no more, when he who possessed them is gone. Would Mr. Garrick give us the Essay which I have here figured, it would add much celebrity to his profession.

If I may be allowed to conjecture what is the nature of that mysterious power by which a player really is the character which he represents, my notion is, that he must have a kind of double feeling. He must assume in a strong degree the character which he represents, while he at the same time retains the consciousness of his own character. The feelings and pas-

sions of the character which he represents, must take full possession as it were of the antichamber of his mind, while his own character remains in the innermost recess. This is experienced in some measure by the barrister who enters warmly into the cause of his client, while at the same time, when he examines himself coolly, he knows that he is much in the wrong, and does not even wish to prevail. But during the time of his pleading, the genuine colour of his mind is laid over with a temporary glaring varnish, which flies off instantaneously when he has finished his harangue. The double feeling which I have mentioned is experienced by many men in the common intercourse of life. Were nothing but the real character to appear, society would not be half so safe and agreeable as we find it. Did we discover to our companions what we really think of them, frequent quarrels would ensue; and did we not express more regard for them than we really feel, the pleasure of social intercourse would be very contracted. It being necessary then in the intercourse of life to have such appearances, and dissimulation being to most people irksome and fatiguing, we insensibly, for our own ease, adopt feelings suitable to every occasion, and so, like players, are to a certain degree a different character from our own. It is needless to mention many instances of this; every man's experience must have furnished him with a variety of instances, which will readily occur to him. He will recollect instances in every funeral that he has attended—every birth-day entertainment at which he has been a guest—every country seat, the beauties of which have been shewn him by its master—every party of pleasure in which he has shared—In short, he can hardly recollect a scene of social life, where he has not been conscious more or less of having been obliged to work himself into a state of feeling, which he would not naturally have had.

This double feeling is of various kinds and various degrees; some minds receiving a colour from the objects around them, like the effects of the sun beams playing thro' a prism; and others, like the cameleon, having no colours of their own, take just the colours of what chances

to be nearest them. And it must be observed, that the greater degree a man is accustomed to assume of artificial feeling, the more probability is there that he has no character of his own on which we can depend, unless indeed he be born of an uncommon degree of firmness: hence it is that the French, who are celebrated as the politest people in Europe, and in conformity with the ideas which I have just now mentioned, may be considered as perpetual comedians, have the least original character, and have been censured as fickle and false: whereas the English, who have a plain bluntness of behaviour, are truly a nation of originals, and are universally allowed to be remarkably honest. But laying aside natural prejudice, and judging candidly, we must confess that the politeness of the French makes them much happier; because from the continual habit of working themselves into an agreeable frame—into complacency and self-satisfaction, they actually enjoy those blessings; and the falseness for which they are censured, is not tainted with malignity; for it is only volatility and changeableness.

I have said, that to assume a borrowed, fictitious, or external character, is apt to make a man have no character of his own, except he has an uncommon degree of firmness. This exception has been observed to hold true in several celebrated men in different departments of human life. Epaminondas, one of the first generals that ever lived, was at the same time a man of the most engaging manners. The Archbishop of Cambray could unite to the strongest character of piety, all the elegance of a French courtier. Each of those great men could assume an external character without hurting their own. It is needless to give many instances; they will readily occur to those who have read the lives of illustrious men, tho' even of these there will be but a part; for there have been illustrious men, and perhaps our own age can shew such, who had no character of their own, but have actually been transmuted into various characters according to times and circumstances: illustrious men, of whom we may say in a figurative and extravagant stile, what Mr. David Hume very seriously says of

of man in general, that "they are nothing but a bundle of perceptions;" a saying not more attended with utility, a favourite principle of that gentleman's, than sure of a ready assent by every man of sound sense.

Thus have I endeavoured to illustrate this curious subject as well as I can; but, I own sincerely, with much doubt and diffidence; and the more I have thought of the subject, the greater is my wish that Mr. Garrick would give us such an Essay as I have mentioned in a former part of this paper. The STRATFORD JUBILEE convinced both the world and himself, how much his powers of writing are able to perform, when he is forced to exert them. I would therefore hope, that while retired in his elegant bower at Hampton, that love of fame which hath ever warmed his breast with so ardent and unremitting a glow, may prompt him to leave to succeeding ages an account of that art, the effects of which have been so wonderful in this. Cardinal Alberoni's Political Testament is not more valuable in its kind, than would be Mr. GARRICK's Theatrical Testament.

[ESSAY III. in our next.]

To the AUTHOR of the LONDON MAGAZINE.

S I R,

LATELY revisiting this my native place, after a two year's residence in the North-Riding of Yorkshire, I have just had the mortification to find the spirits of my friends, neighbours, countrymen, thrown into a most unnatural ferment, and all my acquaintance as much divided here as in the North, by party-feuds and religious controversies. The attacks and defences of the respectable and truly christian vicar of St. Chad, and the little doughty champion of methodism and orthodoxy, are more harshly grating to my ears in every company here, than the disputes raised by the spirited author of the Confessional, that set us a madding on the North of the Humber, and are in general carried on with much more acrimony and ill-will, on one side especially.

As your most useful and entertaining Monthly Miscellany finds it's way among all the circles of my friends,

from the foot of the Wreken to the banks of the Tees, you may, I am confident, be greatly instrumental in discountenancing our unchristian feuds, if you will insert in your next Magazine, the following quotation from a truly protestant and rational discourse, preached at the Bishop of Winchester's Visitation at Basingstoke, Sept. 14, 1769, by J. Duncan, D. D. rector of Southwamborough, Hants, and printed for Doddsley.

"True religion, like every other excellent thing in the world, has always had it's counterfeit, of which the never failing test is an application to the sacred standard of perfection exhibited in the Gospel. The formal and speculative part is there never disjoined from the substantial and moral. To separate these in idea, word, or deed, is to enfeeble the spirit, and counteract the force of religion altogether. When they are thus unhappily disjoined, we too commonly see, to the disgrace of human nature, the intemperate zeal exerted in defence of the form, attended with a total disregard of the substance of religion.

I am far from saying that this is always the case. Many a weak, but well meaning man, in vindicating some particular practice or opinion that is right in itself, may think to do God service by magnifying it's importance beyond the reality, and thus in the very defence of truth may serve the cause of error.

In all theological and ecclesiastical controversies, truth has ever been peculiarly liable to injury by overstraining. Kind heaven defend me, she well may say, from the officiousness of a friend; I have less to fear from the rudest insult of an enemy. A man of the most upright intentions is indeed with difficulty restrained within the bounds of discreet and well-governed zeal, when inflamed with ardour to assert what he supposes to be the cause of God, and the eternal interest of mankind. But as it is impossible, even in idea, to separate an uprightness of intention from sincere benevolence; however strenuously he may rise up in opposition to what he esteems a dangerous error, this amiable characteristic of the true christian will sufficiently distinguish him still. We shall easily discern, whether

whether he or his adversary be the more deserving of that most honourable of all titles, not so much from the superior weight of argument, or success in the debate, as from the spirit and sentiments of each in the prosecution of it. It is not, we may be sure, for the truth of the Gospel that he is cordially concerned, whose conduct in this case is invidious or malevolent, unfair or disingenuous.

A too familiar instance of this conduct we commonly see in the attacks, (I could wish I were not in justice bound to add) sometimes even in the defences of our established mode of worship and discipline. That our forms and canons upon the whole far surpass every thing of the kind, which this imperfect state of humanity can boast, may, I trust, upon a dispassionate review, and impartial comparison, be clearly demonstrated, to the satisfaction of every unprejudiced person. Some few things however have been thought capable of being better adapted to the design of christianity; and representations have been made from time to time, proposing to bring those things to a maturer and more accurate revivification. Such representations, it is true, have been too often made with indecent acrimony of style, and groundless invectives against the present spirit of the church itself, and the fairest characters that have ever adorned it. To these, the most effectual answer would be an example of greater moderation and candour in ourselves. We have indeed no other way of confuting this calumny, but by evidencing the same principles now, which originally gave rise to our happy constitution; by our general readiness to embrace the truth in what garb, and from what quarter soever it may chance to be conveyed to us. by our free acknowledgement upon conviction, should there appear to be a real expediency for such a revivification; and, consistently with this conviction, by our unanimous concurrence in every prudent endeavour, and seasonable application, to procure it.

It is the sole prerogative of the laws of God to command an unreserved esteem and reverence for their absolute perfection, without permission to dispute, or doubt about it. All human regulations, without ex-

emption, are amenable to the bar of reason. They may claim obedience, it is true, from every member of a community, as far as they are consistent with the laws of God. Notwithstanding this, whatever natural rights men may in a social state be reasonably led, or compelled to surrender, their right of private judgement must remain for ever unalienable, as well with respect to ecclesiastical as to civil regulations. Decently to remonstrate against any inconvenience apprehended to arise from human laws of either sort, should by no means be deemed incompatible with all the deference that is due to the authority of their superiors, all the requisite observance being in the mean time dutifully submitted to, and all just acknowledgements humbly paid to the good intentions of the imposers. Instead of resenting this conduct, as an insult against an establishment founded on a religious liberty, let us be assured, that its most venerable guardians regard it rather as a testimony of a sincere esteem of their judgement and candour, as proceeding from a real persuasion, that they consider their exalted station, as an engagement to distinguish themselves in support of the principles of true protestantism. The mild and moderate spirit of church-government, which has long been prevalent amongst us, (however of late it has been strangely misconceived) will justify an assertion, that in fact no offence is likely to be taken by those who are principally concerned to declare it, at any attempt conducted with the same spirit, to strike out from the most harmonious and complete constitution upon earth, every occasion of discord, every shadow of an imperfection.

A faultless human institution of any sort is what the world will never see; yet some established system of ecclesiastical union, some form of government, in short, seems inseparably connected with the idea of a church. Happy it is for us, that we are blessed with a form, which of all others is best adapted to preserve a due respect for the solemnities of public worship. Let us with the tenderest compassion for those who conscientiously reject it, from reasons of which they are not able to discern the weakness,

ness, reserve our indignation for those who, blind to all its real excellence, malignantly asperse it with an imputation of tyrannical principles, which they well know its respectable governors, and intelligent advocates, universally disclaim; and for those no less, who, by their maxims and conduct, have alone given colour to the aspersions. But especially let us thankfully attend to the proper means of rendering it in the highest degree beneficial to ourselves, and honourable to the blessed founder of our holy religion, by exemplifying its proper effects upon our lives and actions." I am, sir,

Your humble servant,

SALOPBORACENSIS.

POLITICAL POLITENESS.

An humorous Essay in the Style of modern Reasoning, addressed to the impudent Scribbler, who signs himself Junius neither the First nor Second.

Sirrah,

I Have read your audacious letter, of the first instant, addressed to the earl of Chatham, and I make no bones of telling you, in answer, that you are a villain, a rascal, a liar, a scoundrel, and a son of a whore.—You say his Lordship's friends compare him to Cicero and Demosthenes; he is more, he is the Moses, the Gideon, the Judas, (not Iscariot, but Maccabæus, sirrah) of this land; nay he has something in him divine, for *kings are nothing in his fight*. He has brought us out of the land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage; and if we have been wandering a few years after him in a wilderness, I make no doubt he will bring us at last into the promised land of liberty.

But it is not enough, that you abuse our great champion; you do it under the signature of our most celebrated author; under the sacred name of the patriotic, the admired, Junius. Did you think there was any resemblance in your styles? You write like Junius! you kiss my a—e; you are some hackney scribbler, that lives in a garret in Broad St. Giles's, where you eat bullock's liver, and drink small beer; I know you are, I'll take my oath of it.

But I could in some sort forgive your abusing Lord Chatham; I could in

some sort forgive your prostituting the name of Junius; they have broad backs, and can abuse as well as you; but what I cannot forgive you, and what all the friends of this free country ought to detest you for, is, your attempting to palliate the misdeeds of that arch Machiavel Lord N—h; you have the impudence to say, he is an honest man, a man of abilities, and a well-wisher to this nation. *But mark how plain a tale shall put you down.* Is not he the minister? and can the minister be an honest man, a man of abilities, and a well-wisher to this nation? O you dog!

But to shew, beyond contradiction, what a damned son of a bitch you are, did not the great patriot Mr. Wilkes, in his speech last winter in Guildhall, tell the livery of London, that he was sure the ministry (and Lord N—h along with them) only waited for an opportunity to murder and cut all the people's throats? Will you not have the people believe this, when Mr. Wilkes has said it? By G— I will believe it, and do believe it; nay, I'll get a Bostonian, that came to town this week, who, without scruple, will take his oath, that there are no less than fifty thousand smiths and cutlers now employed at Birmingham, and other places, in making hangers and muskets, to kill us, every mother's son; I say then once again, this makes it plain what a son of a bitch you are, when you talk to us of Lord N—h's honesty.

Did I not mention a Bostonian just now? yes, I did; and that leads me to ask you a cutting question; tell me, sirrah, what's your opinion of the massacre that happened at Boston, even since your boasted Lord N—h has been at the head of the treasury, and our state factotum? I know, G—d—n you, how you'll answer, beforehand; you'll say, "that the people were in fault, who, in consequence of a long fanatic grudge conceived against them, insulted, and assaulted the soldiers; and that these latter, being obliged to have recourse to their arms, to defend themselves, four or five of the most daring of the rioters were killed." But this is not the truth, you dog; I'll tell you the truth, you rascal, in the following *probable story*, which I had from my

my friend the Bostonian, who is ready to swear on the Bible to every word of it.

Three or four innocent children, said he, (speaking with tears in his eyes) were diverting themselves with snow-balls in the streets of Boston, for it was winter time, and much snow lay upon the ground, when, behold you, a parcel of damned blood-thirsty soldiers came up, villains hired, no doubt, by the ministry; they were armed and immediately fell, like so many infernal furies, upon the helpless babes, wickedly and cruelly running their bayonets into their bowels, and little backsides. I need not say this was done without provocation, for what provocation could such tender infants give? Upon the cries that were raised by the wounded children, their fathers and mothers immediately came out, as at the call of nature, to assist their young; upon which the whole army, in an instant, rushed down upon them, with sword and musket, maiming, stabbing, and knocking out the brains of men, women and children. Multitudes were massacred upon the spot, and upon a moderate computation, above six and fifty hogsheds of American blood were spilt that day.

After this shocking scene, which was entirely of his contriving, will any one presume to vindicate Lord N—h? yes, you will presume to vindicate, and praise him too; but G—d d—n you both, I hope the people will soon be even with you, and take up arms, as Mr. Secretary Morris advises them, in his late letter to the Supporters of the Bill of Rights; yes, let us rise in the devil's name, and murder one another; it will be nobler, and more Roman-like, than to wait to be slaughtered, like so many sheep, by ministerial butchers.

Answer me the following questions in your next, if you dare, and disprove my allegation if you can.—1. Who poisoned the great and glorious Mr. Alderman Beckford, our late worthy and patriotic Lord Mayor? 2. Who set Portsmouth dock-yard on fire? 3. Who robbed the Chester mail? I say, my Lord N—h. I am, Sirrah,

Your ill-wisher,

And most avowed enemy

HILDBRAND HOTHEAD.

Westminster Fire office. Sept. 7. 1770.

A Question in Natural History.

SOME ladies, who greatly value your useful and entertaining Magazine, would be very glad if they could receive a satisfactory account from any of your ingenious correspondents, of a very common animal, vulgarly called a slug, they having often observed a large cavity on the right side of its head about the size of a large grain of sago, resembling an eye-socket without the ball. It sometimes closes like the eye-lids, at other times the cavity appears to go, at least, half way through the head. They suppose it cannot be an organ of sight, and are desirous to know the opinion the learned naturalists have of this part, whether it is thought to be an ear, or of what other use to the animal?

Your constant readers,

A. B. C.

To the PRINTER, &c.

S I R,

I Saw the representation of the gold coins found at Biggleswade in your Magazine for July last, and think them very exact, as I have myself seen one of them. I have some knowledge of your Hitchin correspondent, who is an officer in the army, and an ingenious learned gentleman; he wrote some letters upon husbandry formerly in the Museum Rusticum. But I confess, I do not quite agree with your correspondent the Rev. Mr. Jackson of Litchfield, about the translation of the C in IHC. standing for curator; it certainly is meant for the S. as the Greek sigma on coins was generally wrote thus C. instead of S, and the contracted way of expressing *ΙΙΕΟΥΣ* was IHC. which the ignorant Latin monks made to mean *Jesus hominum salvator*, and still frequently retained the Greek C. in expressing this abbreviation.

This rose noble was coined by King Henry the 5th or 6th, whose coins both of gold and silver were so much alike as not to be known from each other, there being no mark whereby they can be distinguished: the noble was to weigh 108 grains; this weighs 106 grains, and therefore has only lost 2 grains of its coinage weight. All the gold coins of Henry 5th and 6th are very common, and they bear a value from being fair and well preserved.

Thos

These coins now are raised from their first price of 18s. to 1l. 8s. I am, sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
A Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.
Sept. 10, 1770.

To the AUTHOR of the LONDON
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I N your Magazine for July last, p. 372, is an account of some coins found at Biggleswade, communicated by a writer who styles himself *Antiquarius*; a writer seemingly young in the study of antiquity, and desirous of the information which through your means I now send to him.

IHC is an abbreviation of the name of Jesus, being the three first letters of that name in the Greek language. The Monkish copyists, who knew nothing of Greek, mistaking the middle letter for an *b*, as *Antiquarius* has done, and not knowing what to make of the C, which is a less antient form of the letter *z*, but supposing the characters to be Latin, usually wrote this abbreviation *ꝯ*, as the print of the coin described by *Antiquarius* represents it, and in later times IHS; which last form ignorant people interpret into *Jesus hominum Salvator*, and others, more ignorant, into *Jesus holy Saviour*.

Thus the meaning being totally lost, the dash denoting the abbreviation (a straight stroke drawn through the ascending part of the *b*, though in the coin it is a small circular stroke) was in time converted into a cross: and

+

so was produced the IHS the adopted characteristic of the sons of Loyola. This illustration will teach *Antiquarius*, that he has begun the legend at the wrong place, and that he should have read *Jesus autem transiens*, &c. for which one would have thought the flower de luce of separation to have been direction sufficient for a reader.

DNS HYB is *dominus Hibernia*, one of the titles of the kings of England,

who were styled *lords of Ireland*, till the latter end of the reign of Hen. VIII. at which time Ireland being erected into a kingdom, the style of *dominus* was changed to *rex*.

Antiquarius misrepresents *Monf. Rapin* (or more properly, I believe, Mr. Tindal his translator) when he makes him assert that Henry V. first added the arms of France to those of England." They say no more than that Henry V. was the first who bare as the arms of France *three fl. de lyz only*: and not that he was the "first English king who bare the arms of France." It is well known that Edward III. was the first, who quartered the arms of France with those of England. But neither is Mr. Tindal right in his assertion, that Hen. V. was the first who bare as the arms of France *three fl. de lyz only*: or, as he otherwise expresses himself in p. 446, that the French fl. de lyz were not stunted till the time of Hen. V. for although King Edward III. and his successors, Richard II. and Henry IV. bare on their broad seals the arms of France *semé de fl. de lyz*, yet on some of their coins the two former of these kings bare three fl. de lyz only, and the last four.

The coin found at Biggleswade is not, as *Antiquarius* asserts, represented in *Rapin* p. 446; much less is the coin there represented, said to be a rose noble of Henry V. on the contrary, it is expressly called the half-noble of Edward III. as *Antiquarius*, if he reads with a little more attention to his author, will perceive.

I might add that the fl. de lyz of preceding kings, were by Henry V. converted to lilies, and that the inscription on the reverse of the rose-noble of Henry V. is rightly given in the note on *Rapin*, p. 531, referred to by *Antiquarius*; which makes it more surprizing that he should not be able to read properly the inscription on the coin which he represents.

M.

AN IMPARTIAL REVIEW of NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ARTICLE I.

A Journey from London to Genoa, &c.
By Joseph Baretti. (continued.)

It is the observation of a sensible writer, that we are more pleased with the domestic employments of a great man, than when we

see

see him engaged in the most important occurrences: and indeed the reason is obvious; in domestic life he comes down to our own level; we draw comparisons between our manners and his, and find a satisfaction in knowing that the essential difference between us does not arise from a disparity of merit, but a disparity of situation.—For these reasons, we shall now take from Mr. Baretti's Travels, the daily life of his catholic majesty, that the reader may be able to form a real judgement of him, since a late reflexion upon his character is likely to produce very serious consequences to the two kingdoms of Spain and England.

“ This day I have seen the king; and I must say that a prominent nose, a piercing eye, and a serene countenance, make him look much better than his coin represents him. I have seen several portraits of him, even one by his favourite Mengs: but neither Mengs, nor any other painter, had given me a true idea of his face, which is pleasing, though made up of irregular features.

As to his person, it is of a good size, and his walk quite Bourbonian; that is, erect and steady. He appears to be robust, and I am told that he has a great deal of bodily strength. His complexion is quite sun-burnt, which is undoubtedly the consequence of his passion for the chace. In this respect he is a Meleager. No degree of heat or cold can keep him from this exercise. You may possibly think it worth the while to read an account of the life he leads; and here it is, as I had it from people who have been daily witnesses of it for many years.

Every day in the year he gets up about six, and exactly at seven comes out of his bedroom in his night-gown. He finds waiting in the anti-chamber a *Gentilbombre de Cámara*, a *Mayordomo de Semána*, a physician, a surgeon, and several other regular attendants, with whom he interchanges words while he is dressing. The *Gentilbombre*, kneeling on one knee, presents a dish of chocolate, which the king drinks almost cold. He then dismisses some of them with a nod, enters his private chapel, and hears a mass: then retires to a closet, to which nobody is ever admitted, and there reads or writes, especially on those days that he does not intend to go a-hunting in the morning.

About eleven he comes out of the closet to meet the whole royal family. They all kiss his hand, or offer to do it, lowering a knee. He embraces them all, kissing the princes at the cheek, and the princesses on the forehead.

The royal family withdraw after a little chit-chat, and he gives a momentary audience to his confessor: then speaks to those ministers of state, who have any business to communicate, or paper to sign. Then the family-ambassadors come in; that is, the French and the Neapolitan. With them the

king interchanges words for a quarter of an hour; seldom more. Just against the time that he is going to dine, the other ambassadors and foreign ministers come in. Exactly at twelve he sits down to table, quite alone now that his queen is dead. The ambassadors and foreign ministers, his own ministers of state, the great officers of his army, and several other great personages, pay their court while he falls to eating, and all those whom the guards have permitted to get in, crowd round the table to see him dine. The cardinal-patriarch of the Indies says grace, not as cardinal or patriarch, but as his chief chaplain.

The ceremony of the table is this. The *Mayordomo Mayor* stands on the king's right hand, and a captain of his body-guards on his left. One of the weekly *Mayordomos*, two *Gentilbombres de Cámara*, and a crowd of pages and servants attend promiscuously. One of the two *Gentilbombres* carves; the other gives him drink. The dishes, all covered, are brought in one by one in an uninterrupted succession by pages, and each dish is put into the hands of the carving *Gentilbombre*, who takes it with one hand, uncovers it with the other, and presents it to the king. The king gives a nod of approbation or disapprobation at every dish. Those that are approved, the *Gentilbombre* places upon the table: the rest are carried back. Many however are the dishes approved, which still are not touched, as the king eats only of the plainest, and always with a good appetite.

The *Gentilbombre* who gives him drink, pours first a few drops of wine and water in a silver salver that has a beak, and drinks that himself; then kneels on one knee, and pours of both to the king, first the water, then the wine, which is always Burgundy.

When the king has drank his first glass, the ambassadors and foreign ministers, who stood the while and all in a row on the king's right hand, make their bows, and go to pay their respects to the rest of the royal family, that are all at their dinner, each in his or her own apartment, the prince of Austrias alone, Don Luis alone, the Infanta alone, and the two younger Infantes together. All these tables are sumptuous: yet none so much as that of the queen-mother, of whom I shall speak a word by and by.

Near a hundred dishes are generally served to the king, of which about forty are laid upon the table. When they are removed, an ample desert succeeds: but he seldom tastes of it, except sometimes a little bit of cheese and some fruit. The last thing that is presented is a glass of canary-wine with a sweet biscuit. He breaks the biscuit in two, steep it in the wine, and eats it, but never drinks the wine.

A moment before he rises from table, which lasts near an hour, the ambassadors and foreign ministers return, pass before him, and

and go into an adjoining room, where they wait for his coming. With them he converses about half an hour upon indifferent matters.

He then re-enters his private apartment to put on his hunting-dress; that is a grey frock of coarse cloth, made at Segovia on purpose for him, and a leather waistcoat. The leather breeches he always puts on when he gets from bed, especially on those days that he intends to go a-hunting. Light boots, a hat flapped before, and strong leather gloves complete his dress. While the boots are putting on, the *Sommelier de Corps* (Duke of Lofada) gives him a dish of coffee. Between one and two he steps into his coach drawn by six or eight mules, and away with his brother Don Luis, the mules galloping *ventre à terre*. Half a dozen of his body-guards precede the coach on horse-back, and three footmen ride behind it.

No bad weather, as I said, is ever an obstacle to his going out on hunting-days, not even a storm of hail accompanied by thunder and lightning. Don Luis, who is his constant attendant in the coach, is the only person allowed to fire at the game on these daily huntings. But on solemn huntings, some of the grandees who wait on him at the chace, are granted the same privilege. However of late the solemn huntings are become rare, because the expence of them was found too great.

A little after sun-set he generally comes back, carrying as much of the feather-game in his hands as he can hold. As to the quadrupeds he has killed, such as stags, deer, wild-boars, wolves, foxes, &c. they are brought to the palace in carts. He surveys the whole, orders it to be weighed in his presence, and rejoices when there is much, most particularly when he has killed a wolf or two. It is but seldom that he takes the prince of Asturias to hunt with him.

When the game is weighed and ordered to the kitchen, he goes to pay a short visit to the queen-mother; then gives a private audience to that minister, whose day it happens to be, as each of them has his fixed day of private audience. The minister brings his papers in a bag, and offers to his inspection those that are to the purpose of his errand. If the minister's business leaves him any time, he plays at *Reversino* (a game at cards so called) with three of his courtiers, generally the duke de Lofada *Sommelier de Corps*, duke d'Arcos *Capitan de la Compania Espanola*, and another grandee whose name I have forgotten. He never plays for any thing, having recourse to this expedient merely to consume a quarter of an hour, or half an hour that he must wait for his supper. At night he sits down to it, attended only by his courtiers: then goes to bed, to get up again next day to the same kind of occupations, and with the same scrupulous nicety of method in the distribu-

tion of them, seldom or never to be altered, except on post-days, when, instead of going to hunt, he passes some more time, both morning and afternoon, in the private closet, writing to his son at Naples, to his brother at Parma, to his sisters in Turin and Lisbon, and very often likewise to Marquis Tanucci and to the prince of Santo Nicandro, the first of whom he has made chief minister, and the second Ayo, or governor, to his Sicilian majesty.

If on post-days he has any time left, it is employed in his laboratory; that is, in the completest turner's-shop that ever existed. He is a most expert turner, and works toys to perfection. The shop contains many turning engines of rare invention, some of which were presents from the king of France, and some contrived by Count Gazzola already mentioned, one of the greatest mechanists of the age. By him his majesty is attended when working in the laboratory.

As to his personal character, he was certainly a good husband when his queen was alive. Never once did he swerve from conjugal fidelity, nor ever had any mistress public or private. His brothers were always his best friends and most familiar companions; and as to his children, there is no need of saying that he always proved a kind father. He is rather an easy, than an affectionate master, never descending to great familiarity with his servants, yet always satisfied with what they do. They say that he never betrayed any great love to any body out of his own family, no more than hatred. It happened once, that he detected one of his most familiar domestics in a lye, and forbade him his presence, but still continued him in his salary. His conversation is generally cheerful, but always as chaste as his conduct. He reposes much confidence in his chief ministers, especially Marquis Squillace, who has found the means of prepossessing him in favour of his own abilities; yet neither Squillace, nor any body else, was ever a favourite, when by a favourite we mean a man admitted by a sovereign to the closest intimacy of friendship. No body ever reached so high with him, though he treats some with particular kindness, especially the duke of Lofada, who in virtue of his employment sleeps constantly in the same room with him. This duke of Lofada has long obtained the reputation of being the honestest man in Spain, which is probably what has endeared him to the king. As to Squillace, he is a most indefatigable man, and they say that he alone dispatches more business than all the other ministers put together, scarcely allowing himself time to eat or to sleep. But they charge him with insufferable haughtiness and insatiable avarice; two qualities not easily pardoned, especially when they meet in a foreigner, as it is the case with Squillace, who is a Sicilian. But it is not my intention

tion to give you the characters of any body here, only tell you what I hear people frequently repeat with regard to this and that great man at court. It is natural that Squillace should be envied, having reached the highest post, though a stranger; and the language of envy is not to be blindly credited.

The king uses every body with a sort of condescension that may be called civility, which impresses his servants with a strong sense of real respect, independent of his kingship, as the rigidity of his morals gives them no room for the least contempt. His method of spending time, so unalterably regular, may appear somewhat dull: but is certainly laudable, as it is quite necessary that a king should have his ministers and servants exactly apprised of the hours, and even the minutes, that they are to approach him for the dispatch of business in their respective stations and employments.

Every body here agrees, that his majesty is far from wanting knowledge of men or things. He has read much, and never passes a day without looking into a book. Besides his native tongue, he speaks Italian and French with the greatest fluency and propriety, nor is he ignorant of the Latin. They say, that he knows his own as well as other princes interest full as well as any of his ministers, and does not spare any expence to be early informed of whatever passes in Europe and out of Europe that may affect him any way.

II. *Memoirs of Russia, &c.* By General Manstein. (continued.)

Our Magazine for June contained an account of the celebrated Count Biron duke of Courland, who has made himself so eminent in the annals of Russia; in the present we shall give the history of his disgrace, which is very intelligently treated by General Manstein, not only as a curious piece of history, but as a striking lesson to the greatest ministers, not to repose too much dependence on the hour of the highest prosperity.

On the decease of the Empress Anne, the duke of Courland, who had been declared regent, till the young emperor Iwan, then in his infancy, should reach his seventeenth year, planted spies in every quarter of the metropolis, naturally enough supposing, that as he had excluded the Princess Anne the emperor's mother, and her husband from the regency, his conduct would be the subject of much animadversion: these spies soon informed him, that he was spoken of with contempt; that some officers of the guards, especially of the regiment of Semencowsky, of which Prince Anthony Ulrick was lieutenant-colonel, had said, that if the Prince would undertake any thing against the regent, they would readily assist him. He was also informed, that the Princess Anne and her spouse resented their being excluded from the regency. Beginning then to be uneasy at this, he caused several officers to be taken

up, and carried prisoners to the citadel: Grammatin, the adjutant of the Prince, was one of them. The general Oufchakow, president of the secret chancery, and the solicitor-general, Prince Troubetzkoy, had orders to examine them with all imaginable severity. Some of them had the knout inflicted on them, to bring them to an impeachment of others; in short, hardly a day passed, while this regency lasted, without some being apprehended.

Prince Anthony Ulrick, who was the lieutenant-general of the army, lieutenant-colonel of the guards, and colonel of a regiment of cuirassiers, received an order to write to the regent, and request of him the dismissal from his posts. Nor was this enough; the regent caused him to be advised to keep his chamber, or at least not to show himself in publick.

The regent had frequent conferences with the Princess Elizabeth, which lasted several hours. One evening he said, before a large company at his house, that if the Princess Anne was to give herself the airs of being refractory, he would pack her, with her Prince, to Germany, and that he would send for the duke of Holstein there, and place him on the throne.

The project of the duke of Courland, who had long aspired to the procuring the crown for his posterity, was to marry the Princess Elizabeth to his eldest son, and to match his daughter to the duke of Holstein; and I really believe, that if he had had sufficient time left him, he would have brought his plan happily to bear.

All this while, the Princess Anne and the Prince her spouse were under great uneasiness; from which, however, they were soon delivered.

Marshal Munich, who had been one of the forwardest and warmest in getting the regency for the duke of Courland, had imagined, that so soon as this Prince had the power in his own hand, he should obtain from him every thing he could desire; that the duke would have nothing but the title, while himself would have the power of the regent; in short, he aspired to be placed at the head of affairs, with the rank of general in chief of all the forces by land and by sea. All these ideas were by no means agreeable to those of the regent, who knew the marshal too well, and feared him too much to raise him to a condition of hurting him, so that he granted him nothing of all he asked.

The marshal, finding himself disappointed of his hopes, changed sides. It was he that, on the part of the duke of Courland, had proposed to Prince Anthony Ulrick, for him to ask his dismissal. He had caused the memorial of the request to be drawn up by his own secretary; and as the regent often commissioned him to the Princess and her spouse upon affairs relative to them, this in-

tercourse gave him occasion of speaking to him of the injustices of the regent.

Particularly, one time that Munich had brought some disagreeable message from the regent to the Princess, she complained bitterly of all the cruel uneasinesses given her, adding, That she would willingly leave Russia, and go with her husband and child to Germany; for, that so long as Biron should hold the reins of government, she had nothing to expect but misery.

The marshal, who only waited for an occasion to open himself to her, observed, in answer, That though it was true, that she had no good to hope from the regent, she ought not, however, to suffer herself to be cast down, and that if she would place a confidence in him, he would soon deliver her from the tyranny of the duke of Courland. The Princess, without hesitation, accepted his offers, leaving the whole direction of the affairs to the marshal. It was then concluded, that the regent should be seized and made prisoner, on the very first favourable occasion.

Mean while, the marshal continued to pay his court most assiduously to the regent, making shew of great attachment, and even of confidence to him. The duke, on his part, though he was not without his mistrust of Munich, treated him with the utmost politeness, kept him often to dinner, and, in the evenings, they would sometimes remain talking together till ten o'clock; nor were there but a few persons of confidence that were present at their conversations.

The day before the revolution, which happened on the 18th of November, Marshal Munich dined with the duke, who desired him to come back in the evening, where they staid very late together, talking of many things relative to the current times. The duke was restless and thoughtful the whole evening; often changed the discourse, like an absent man; and abruptly, quite from the purpose, asked the marshal, "If, in his military expeditions, he had ever undertaken any affair of consequence in the night." This sudden question had nearly disconcerted the marshal, who imagined, upon it, that the duke had some suspicion of his project. Recovering himself, however, quick enough for the marshal not to have observed his uneasiness, he answered, "That he did not remember to have undertaken any extraordinary things in the night-time; that he was not fond of night-work, but that his maxim was, to seize all occasions that appeared favourable to him."

They parted at eleven at night; the marshal in the resolution of not delaying his accomplishment of the regent's fall; and the regent, on his part, resolved to distrust all the world, to remove every person that could give him umbrage, and to fix himself more and more firmly in the sovereign power, by

placing the Princess Elizabeth, or the duke of Holstein, on the throne; for he saw plainly, that without that he could never maintain his ground, the number of malecontents increasing every day. He would not, however, undertake any thing till after the interment and funeral obsequies of the late Empress. But his enemies prevented him.

Marshal Munich was persuaded that he should be the first person dismissed; so that he was determined to strike the blow without loss of time.

When the marshal was returned from court, he told his aid-de-camp general, the lieutenant-colonel de Manstein, That he should have occasion for his service the next day, very early in the morning. Accordingly, at two, after midnight, he sent for him. They both got into a coach together by themselves, and repaired to the winter-palace, where the Emperor and his father and mother were lodged after the death of the Empress. The marshal and his aid-de-camp entered the apartment of the Princess, by the door of the wardrobe. There he made Mademoiselle Mengden, lady of honour, and favourite of the Princess, get up. When Munich had explained himself to her, she went in and waked their highnesses; but it was the Princess alone that came out to him. They had but a moment's talk. The marshal ordered Manstein to call all the officers who were on guard at the palace, for the Princess to speak to them. These being come; her highness represented in a few words to them the injuries which the regent made the Emperor, herself, and her husband suffer; adding, that as it was impossible, and even shameful, for her to endure such insults any longer, she was resolved to have him apprehended, and had given Marshal Munich the commission of it; so that she hoped that the officers would be so good as to follow all his orders, and assist him to the best of their power. The officers made not the least difficulty of obeying the Princess in whatever she required of them; upon which, giving them her hand to kiss, and embracing them all, they went down the stairs with the marshal, and got the guard under arms.

Count Munich told the soldiers what was in agitation; and all, with one accord, answered him, That they were ready to follow him wherever he would lead them. They were ordered to load their muskets, and an officer with forty men were left on guard with the colours. The other eighty marched with the marshal to the summer-palace, where the regent still resided.

About two hundred paces from this house, this troop halted, and the marshal sent Manstein to the officers of the regent's guard to acquaint them of the Princess Anne's intention: they made no more difficulty than the others had done, and even offered their

assistance to seize the duke, if it was necessary.

Upon this, the marshal told the same lieutenant-colonel Manstein, to put himself, with an officer, at the head of twenty men, to enter the palace, to seize the duke; and in case of his making any the least resistance, to massacre him without mercy.

Manstein entered the palace; and not to make too much noise, he made the detachment follow him at a distance. All the centinels suffered him to pass in without any opposition; for, as he was personally known to all the soldiers, they imagined he might be sent to the duke upon some affair of consequence, so that he crossed the guards, and got as far as the apartments, without any difficulty. But as he did not know the particular room in which the duke lay, he was all on a sudden extremely embarrassed where to go, so as to avoid all noise and suspicion, neither would he ask any one the question, though he met with some servants who were waiting in the anti-chamber. After some moments meditation, he resolved to keep advancing through the apartments, in the hope he should at length find out the apartment he was seeking. And so it happened in fact; for, after he had gone through two chambers, he was come to a door that was locked; luckily for him, this was a folding door, and the servants had neglected to fasten it, by sliding the bolts at the top and bottom, so that he easily forced it open. In the chamber, he found a great bed, in which the duke and duchess were lying, buried in a profound sleep. Not even the noise he had made in forcing open the door had waked them. Manstein having got close to the bed, drew the curtains, and desired to speak with the regent. Upon this, both started up in a surprise, and began to cry out aloud, judging rightly enough that he was not come to bring them any good news. Manstein happening to stand on the side on which the duchess lay, the regent threw himself out of bed, on the ground, certainly with an intention to hide himself under the bed; but this officer springing quickly round to the other side, threw himself upon him, and held him fast embraced till the guards came in. The duke having at length got upon his legs again, and wanting to disengage himself from their hold, distributed blows with his double fist to the right and left; to which the soldiers made no return but with strokes from the butt-end of their muskets; and throwing him down again on the floor, they crammed a handkerchief into his mouth, and bound his hands with an officer's sash; then they led him, naked as he was, to the guard-room, where they covered him with a soldier's cloak, and put him into a coach of the marshal's, that was waiting for him. An officer was placed in it by the side of him, and he was carried to the winter-palace.

While the soldiers were struggling with the duke, the duchess was got out of bed in her shift, and, running after him as far as into the street, when a soldier took her in his arms, and asked Manstein, what he should do with her. He bid him carry her back to her chamber; but the soldier not caring, it seems, to take the trouble of it, threw her down on the ground, in the middle of the snow, and there left her. The captain of the guard, finding her in this piteous condition, made her clothes be brought to her, and re-conducted her to the apartments she had always occupied.

As soon as the duke was thus on the way to the winter-palace, the same colonel, Manstein, was sent to seize his younger brother, Gustavus Biron, who was then at Petersburg. He was lieutenant-colonel of the Ishmaëlow regiment of guards. But this expedition required somewhat more of precautionary measures than the first; for Gustavus Biron was beloved in his regiment, and had a guard of it in his house, consisting of a serjeant and twelve men. And, accordingly, the centinels made at first some resistance, but they were soon laid hold of, and threatened with death if they made the least noise. After which, Manstein went into the bed-chamber of Biron, and made him get up, telling him, that he had an affair of great consequence to impart to him. Having then drawn him to the window, he acquainted him with his orders of arrest. Biron wanted to open the window, and began to cry out; but he was instantly let to know that the duke was seized, and under confinement, and that himself would be killed on the least resistance. The soldiers, who had waited in the adjoining room, came in directly, and satisfied him that there was nothing for him but to obey. They gave him a furred cloke, put him into a sledge, and he too was carried to the winter-palace.

At the same time Colonel Koningsfelt, one of the adjutants of the marshal, who had joined him when he was returning with the duke, was sent back to apprehend Count Bestucheff.

As for the duke, he was put into the room of the officers of the guard. His brother and Count Bestucheff had each a separate room, where they remained till four o'clock, in the afternoon, till the duke, with all his family (except his eldest son, who was then sick, and who staid till his recovery at Petersburg) were carried to the fort of Schlüsselburgh. The other two prisoners were sent to places at a small distance from the capital, where they were kept till after their examination.

As soon as the duke was seized, order was sent to all the regiments that happened to be then at Petersburg, to be put under arms, and to assemble round the palace. The Princess Anne then declared herself Grand-Duchess

Duchess of Russia, and regent of the empire during the minority of the emperor. She at the same time put on the collar of the order of St. Andrew, and every one took a new oath of fidelity, in which the Grand-Duchess was mentioned by name, which had not been done in that imposed by the regent. There were none that did not make great demonstrations of joy, at seeing themselves delivered from the tyranny of Biron; and from that moment every thing was quiet. Even the piquets were taken away, which the duke of Courland had posted in the streets to prevent commotions during his regency; and yet there were some, who, at the very moment of that event, prognosticated that it would not be the last revolution; and that those who had been the most active in bringing this about, would be the first that would be overset by another. Time has shewn that they were not in the wrong.

The Grand-Duchess dispatched also, on the same day, orders for apprehending the generals Bismark and Charles Biron; the first was nearly allied to the duke, having married his wife's sister, and was, at that time, at Riga, in quality of vice-governor of that place: the other was elder brother to the duke, and commandant in chief at Moscow. He had been the greatest enemy to his brother during his prosperity; notwithstanding which, he was involved in his disgrace.

The duke of Courland, who, as I have beforementioned, was not without suspicion that something of this kind would be attempted against him, had given strict charge to the officers of the guard, not to suffer any one to enter into the palace after his retiring to rest. The centinels had orders to stop whoever should then come, and to kill any one that should make resistance. A piquet of one officer and forty men was placed in the gardens under the windows of the regent, besides centinels posted all round the palace; notwithstanding which precautions, he could not avoid his fate.

I was intimately well acquainted with the person who was principally employed in this affair, and who owned to me since, that he could not conceive how it was possible that the attempt met with no more difficulty than it did; for, according to the arrangements taken, the affair ought, naturally speaking, to have miscarried. A single centinel's making a noise would have hindered every thing. It is even astonishing that Count Munich and his aid-de-camp general were suffered to enter so much as the winter-palace, where the Princess Anne then was; for, in the night time, there was also a piquet posted there, and centinels all round, who had orders to hinder any one whatsoever from going in. True it is, that the marshal chose, for seizing the duke, the day that the regiment of which he was lieutenant-colonel was to be on duty, both at the young emperor's and the regent's; to every soldier of

which the marshal's aid-de-camp general was also known; but notwithstanding this, if one single man had done his duty he must have failed. It is this negligence of the guards, to which no remedy was applied in the time of the Grand-Duchess, that facilitated the revolution which the Grand-Duchess undertook the year after.

III. *A Sketch of the Philosophical Character of the late Lord Viscount Bolingbroke.* By Tho. Hunter, vicar of Waverham in Cheshire. 8vo. 5s. Cadell.

To investigate the principle and refute the subtleties of so specious a philosopher as Bolingbroke, required neither little attention nor small abilities; and it is but justice to acknowledge that Mr. Hunter has executed his task in a manner equally honourable to an elegant writer and a valuable man.

IV. *A Dissertation on Rivers and Tides. Intended to demonstrate in general the Effect of Bridges, Cuttings, removing of Shoals and Embankments; and to investigate in particular the Consequences of such Works on the River Thames, &c.* By Robert Erskine, Engineer. 12. Wilkie.

This is a very sensible publication, and at this time, when so many embankments are undertaken on the Thames, very necessary for the perusal of such as are any way connected in these designs.

V. *Northern Antiquities; or a Description of the Manners, Customs, Religion and Laws of the Antient Danes and other Northern Nations, including those of our own Saxon Ancestors. With a Translation of the Edda, or System of Runic Mythology, and other Pieces, from the antient Islandic Tongue.* 2vols. 12s. Carnan.

The article before us is translated from Mon. Mallet's introduction a l'Histoire de Dannemarck, which is a work of much merit, and gives a very entertaining account of the northern nations. The translation is in general executed with accuracy, and must be an agreeable addition to the best libraries.

VI. *A Short Description of the Province of South Carolina, with an Account of the Air, Weather, and Diseases of Charles Town.* 8vo. 1s. Hinton.

We have a fault to find with the present description of South Carolina, which we seldom find with the general run of publications, namely, that it is too short: the pleasure we have received from it in the perusal, inducing us to wish it a folio volume instead of a twelve-penny pamphlet.

VII. *The Life, Adventures, Intrigues and Amours of the celebrated Jemmy Twitcheb, &c.* 8vo. 2s. Brough.

A catch-penny, hoping for a sale, by the imputed profligacy of an unpopular nobleman.

VIII. *Outlines of the natural History of Great Britain and Ireland, containing a systematic Arrangement, and entire Description of all the Animals, Vegetables and Fossils which have been discovered in these Kingdoms.* By John Berkenhout. vol. 2. 4s. Elmsley.

Dr. Berkenhout is a very useful naturalist, and the theatre on which he has chosen to exhibit his abilities, being so peculiarly interesting to an English reader, should consequently give him additional merit with the public.

IX. *A full and complete History of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland and Lady Grosvenor, from their Acquaintance to the final Determination of the Cause at the Instance of Lord Grosvenor in the Court of Kings-Bench for Crim. Con.* 2 vols. 12mo. 5s. Brough.

If a Newmarket critic was to characterise this performance, he would say it is full brother to *Jemmy Twitchever* (see article 7th) got by the same fire upon the same dam, and equally fit for the dung-cart.

X. *St. Paul at Athens.* By R. Prescott, D. D. 8vo. 2s. Bathurst.

A curious examination of St. Paul's conduct, which cannot fail of exalting the character of that celebrated apostle.

XI. *The Life and Adventures of Mademoiselle de la Sarre, &c.* by Thomas Crowley, Esq; 12mo. 2s. 6d. Johnson.

The title page of the present article, which we have abridged, acquaints us that it contains many incidents presumed to be new, and not occurring in the common course of life. Novelty is undoubtedly a recommendation in works of entertainment, but we cannot think that incidents out of the common course have altogether such a claim to approbation. For our own parts, we conceive that the probability of every incident must be proportioned to its likelihood of happening frequently, and that in most cases, people will be affected chiefly by those circumstances which appear most naturally calculated to come home to themselves. Be this, however, as it may, the article before us is not without its merit; it has good sense without parade, and devotion without enthusiasm; it inculcates principles of virtue through the whole, and gives virtue its reward in the catastrophe.

XII. *A new System of Physic, founded on the Principles of Nature, and not on the Materia Medica.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Evans.

We are surprised that, as well as apothecaries, the college of physicians have not a power of examining booksellers shops: a bad treatise of physic may, sometimes, be no less dangerous than a bad medicine; and certain we are that the present article deserves the flames as much as the worst drug retailed by our numerous pharmacopolists.

XIII. *The History of the Reign of George the Third, King of Great-Britain.* 8vo. 5s. Evans.

News-paper politics converted into authentic information; presumption assuming the air of knowledge; and apparent prejudice prating about disinterested impartiality.

XIV. *The Adventures of a Bank Note.* 2 vols. 8vo. Davies.

Pompey the little, Chrysal, and other pro-

ductions of a similar nature have given a hint to the author of the present novel; we must however inform him that very little genius is necessary to write a book upon such a plan; a cluster of little stories, without connection or dependence, being only requisite to answer his end, which, stitched together in the same performance, will constitute a new *whole*, though separately considered each may be utterly destitute of novelty.

XV. *A Botanical Dictionary, or Elements of Systematic and Philosophical Botany.* By Colin Milne. 8vo. 5s. Griffin.

From the title of this work the reader must see it is a compilation—'tis nevertheless a very useful compilation, and likely to be of great convenience to the students in Botany.

XVI. *A Defence of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland.* By a Member of Parliament. 1s. Evans.

This is an appeal rather to the compassion, than to the judgement of mankind; and we think if our member of parliament had really a veneration for the prince whom he defends, he would have shewn it much better, by leaving time to obliterate the memory of his conduct, than by striving himself to perpetuate it, in a despicable pamphlet.

XVII. *An Apology for the Conduct of Lady Grosvenor, addressed to the Ladies.* 8vo. 1s. Thompson.

Lady Grosvenor seems to have no more obligations to this apologist, than her illustrious lover has to the preceding advocate. But we cannot injure either, so far as to imagine they have the least knowledge of these paltry publications. The member of parliament, we dare say, is some industrious manufacturer of Grub-street; and the worthy gentleman before us, one of those literary anglers, who have always a line ready for troubled waters, and don't think even gudgeons below the notice of the market.

XVIII. *A Letter from a Gentleman at Constantinople to his Friend in London, containing a succinct Account of the celebrated Prophecy of Achmet Almegi, which has thrown the Turks into so many Terrors, and been one chief Motive of the Russians present Expedition.* 6d. Smith.

This is the very lunacy of catch-penny artifice.—Why then do you take notice of it, enquires a sensible reader, if it really is so despicable?—To prevent you from throwing away your money, good sir.—O sir, your most humble servant.

XIX. *An Essay on spirituous Liquors, with regard to their Effects on Health; in which the comparative Wholesomeness of Rum and Brandy is particularly considered.* By Robert Dossie. 1s. Ridley.

It is a general opinion among the ignorant, that brandy is more wholesome than rum; in the present essay Mr. Dossie clearly proves the contrary, and moreover shews that, taken even to excess, the rum is considerably the least pernicious of the two articles.

POETICAL

Sept.

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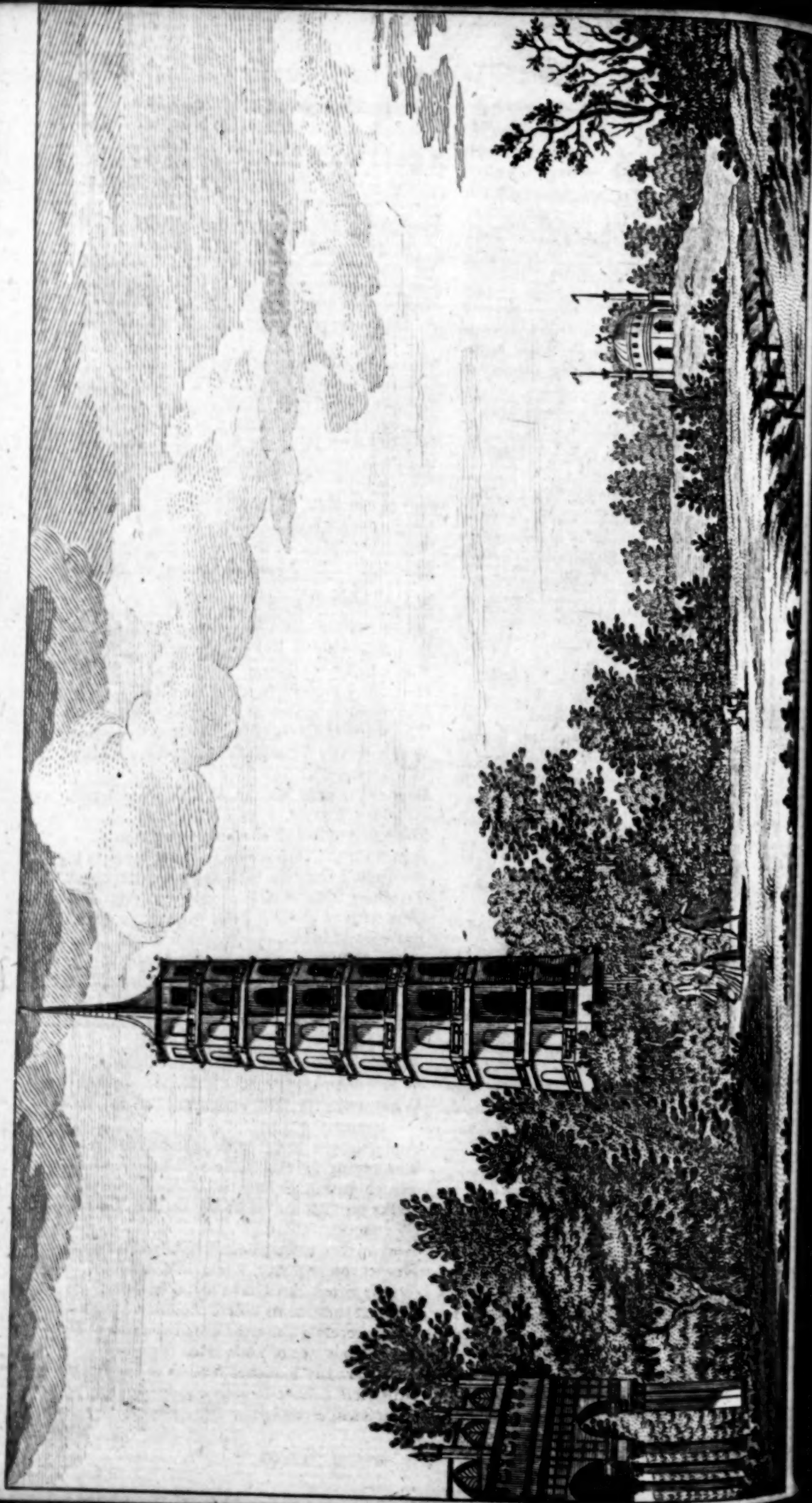
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POETICAL ESSAYS.

PERSFIELD,

*A Poem; addressed to Mr. Morris.**

O! for some share of true poetick fire,
 Description's pencil and Apollo's lyre!
 From Chesham's graceful town the Muse
 Should wing [sing;
 Her willing flight and Persfield's landscapes
 Sing Nature where she shines in virgin charms,
 And sweet Retirement woos us to her arms.
 Hail! nymph averse to worldly cares and
 strife;
 With thee I'd tread the sober paths of life:
 O! come in thy own russet vest array'd,
 And wrap thy vot'ry in thy grateful shade.
 By thee assisted Persfield's gifts I'll raise
 High as can flow from unembellish'd lays.
 I pierce the garden when unfolds the dawn;
 Behold the curving slope, the waving lawn;
 The shrubs which spread an odoriferous waste
 And shew a finish'd piece of rural taste.
 Delightful scene! quick to the left I stray
 Where youthful zephyrs through the foilage
 play [bright
 Of yon wide spreading beach, whose umbrage
 Reveals a landscape to the astonish'd sight,
 By sweet variety's still changing vest
 In all the Iris charms of nature drest.
 Around this level spot the beach-tree shades,
 Contiguous rocks exalt their shrubby heads:
 Why's rapid waters near their confines flow,
 And give the scenes above fresh grace below;
 Strait downward bends the eye immensely deep
 From this surprizing, yet engaging steep,
 And marks a valley, but from such a height,
 Each object's lessen'd to th'impending sight.
 Pensive I gaze peninsulated round
 Thy precincts, Lancaught, with enclosures
 bound;
 One farm complete, embosom'd in thy shade,
 With plenteous crops for labour is repaid.
 How fair's this picture, pastorally grand,
 Romantic smiling to the Muse's hand!
 Whose pencil fails as Lancaught's verges sees
 Here rocks project thick-tufted o'er with trees,
 There hangs the precipice with shrubs be-
 fring'd [ting'd.
 Whose deep festoons in Why's bold currents
 The interfect rock, a winding way,
 Born to the left, invites my Muse to stray.
 Each lofty precipice would horrors yield,
 But intervening shrubs from terrors shield.
 Now wildly-musing to the woods I steal,
 Whose instant prospects shrub-clad rocks
 reveal;
 Here, from a beauteous point whose seat invites
 To rest, regale the mind with fresh delights;
 Behold where Severn, boundless to the view,
 Heaves the broad surge of variegated blue;
 Proceeding hence, to observation kind
 With iron-rails enclos'd a bench we find:
 Shudders the Muse as here she takes her stand!

A squalid rock obtruding from the land
 Shoots o'er the stream, below a covert wide
 Thick intermixes with its circling tide;
 Each woody precipice a charm appears
 In fine effect; as magic fancy veers,
 The straining orbs from this enormous height
 Can scarce distinctly mark the shades of light.
 How small's each object in the center plac'd!
 A house for bathing's form'd with decent
 taste

Seen at such distance as a speck minute
 Of black's observ'd in Florio's wedding suit;
 So in the midst of this vast range of green
 The bath's discern'd, a spot that's scarcely seen.
 Impell'd with awe, the Muse deserts her seat
 To climb the higher walks, where finish'd
 neat,

Soft to the view, a graceful temple stands,
 Imagination's feast beneath expands;
 Stupendous point of view! description's faint;
 How shall the Muse thy grand deceptions
 paint?

Or how describe each wood-invested steep?
 Above the summit Severn seems to creep,
 Romantic objects over objects rise,
 And quick deceptions finely realize.
 Here fancy chain'd in admiration now
 May dwell delighted on each changeful view.
 Thy shire, O Gloucester! of expanding dales,
 Where trade's triumphant and where wealth
 prevails,

Bounds the wide beauties of this noble scene,
 At once romantic, horrid and serene.
 From spot to spot th'enraptur'd poet flies,
 And finds the bath a rising spring supplies;
 But strait I scale the rock and turn from hence
 To where fresh objects pensive joys dispense:
 Dear solitary shade! here, pleas'd to dwell
 Embosom'd in her own sequester'd cell,
 Pauses the eye to mark the wood intense
 Which clads the void in amplitude immense;
 Descending treads the muse athwart the vale
 Where sports the breeze in many a wanton
 [gale

I pierce the cave romantic to the sight
 Where noon-tide Phæbus scarcely sheds a light.
 What noise is that which checks my bold
 career,
 And fills the breast with apprehensive fear!
 The rattling swivels make a clamorous sound,
 Which mimic Echo quickly deals around,
 Talks through the cliffs the martial peals to
 mock,

And shrieks to sound each agitated shock.
 Nor let yon ancient oak remain unsung
 Whose rifted fibres have for ages hung
 Betwixt the charms where accidental birth
 It first receiv'd unnurtur'd by the earth:
 Stupendous tree of antiquated form!
 Still wave thy branches fearless of the storm;
 Still yield a shade to each enquiring sage
 Whose Muse consigns a tribute to thy age.

This

* Mr. Morris is the owner of the seat.

This path pursu'd another bench invites;
 Delicious prospects from its airy heights
 I raptur'd view, while to the left extends
 The spreading vale, at whose fair foot ascends
 The twisting Why, in many a winding fold
 As round the tufted rocks its surge is roll'd.
 Full to the right fair Chepstow's seen complete,
 And adds new grace to this attractive seat;
 Beyond at distance Severn winds his tide,
 And boundless views extend the prospect's
 pride.

But let the Muse her pleasing seat remove,
 And through the spicy walk, the firry grove,
 Stray till the sweeps irriguous conjoin,
 To snatch a view romantically fine:
 Umbrageous coverts to the left arise
 And wake the mind to pleasure and surprize;
 The fringy woodland, the descending lawn,
 And glowing scenes by nature's pencil drawn.
 Whether the rocks suspend the ling'ring sight
 Arising round of formidable height,
 Thro whose rich horrors winds the Severn's
 wave

And seems above their hoary tops to lave;
 Or view the town whose name of Saxon birth
 Denotes its commerce and its ancient worth;
 Or see the castle circled by a wood
 O'er crown'd by Severn's constant varying flood:
 What scenes profound, unbounded and im-
 mense

Elated transports to the eye dispense!
 Next let me tread yon walk of ever-green,
 Which sweetly shifts the quick eloping scene,
 Which sinks, now rises, sinks to rise again,
 Whilst each revival claims a recent strain.
 Where ends the walk, the rock dilating shews
 A shady cave of variegated hues;
 Metals with stones commingled form a blaze
 Which mocks Sol's lustre with fictitious rays:
 Here from the hollow rock with wild amaze
 High on the steepy slope the Muse surveys
 The distant country in perspective lie
 Where whiten'd buildings bleach upon the
 eye,

Lifting a picture to the lively thought
 Of pleasing change with grateful objects
 fraught. [plete,
 Still range my Muse with novel charms re-
 And pass the bridge yon woodland scoop to
 greet:

Here sweet variety unseen before
 Lends soft addition to poetic lore;
 Dilating vistas distant scenes extend,
 O'er nearer rocks the hollow woods impend.
 To that fair bench o'er-arch'd with blending
 trees,

Where sighs to sorrow each pervading breeze,
 I haste within its gloom, explore repose,
 And feel sensations pensive pleasure knows.
 Here all is still; from this sequester'd seat,
 Of wholesome solitude the choice retreat,
 The town appears, the castle's seen again,
 And bids the Muse resume her wonted strain,
 Review from recent breaks the country round,
 The bending river with the castle crown'd.

From scene to scene transported as I rove
 With finish'd pictures yields the light alcove;
 Here rests the Muse—the river glides below,
 The sloping fields above with culture glow;
 On this side hangs a wood-invested steep
 Amazing bound'ry to the azure deep;
 Part of fair Chepstow's town again appears,
 Its hoary tops the ancient castle rears;
 On that the distant river less'ning strays,
 And sweeps the wild wood shore in placid
 maze;

High rising cliffs o'er rising cliffs extend,
 And walls of rocks the wild perspective end.
 From hence to scenes romantic let me stray;
 The windcliff rises and impedes my way;
 I scale its craggy paths—my bold career
 Is check'd with sudden noise which stuns my
 ear;
 The loud explosion of a pistol made
 From cliff to cliff extends from shade to shade,
 While mimic Echo takes the quick rebound,
 And five times o'er repeats th'unceasing sound:
 Serene the air, the cliff with noise is fill'd;
 For then the nymph in repetition skill'd
 Nine times distinct will then the accents bear,
 Nine times reverb'rate through the yielding
 air.

Beneath the cliff within the lower lands,
 An antique abbey venerated stands;
 The hoary structure now in ruins lows;
 Its fanes are wreck'd, and see its nodding
 tow'rs

The joy change—thy waste, O! time, appears
 And marks new conquests through elapsing
 years.

Blest is the man who flies the busy town
 To Persfield's sweet retreats with joys his own:
 Quick to her shades, O! let the bard retire
 And tune to rustic strains the vocal lyre;
 Free from each low-born wish, each anxious
 fear,

May contemplation bless his leisure here.
 Grant me, indulgent Heaven, some rural cell,
 Where ruddy health, and calm contentment
 dwell; [serene,

Through Persfield's shades I'd rove with mind
 And sing the charms of each camellion scene.
 Me, meanest vot'ry of th'harmonious Nine,
 To thee would dedicate my artless line;
 To thee, O! Morris, dedicate my lay;
 Thy soft enchantments call I'd pleas'd obey.
 Long may'st thou feel the joys of health and
 fame,

And all the blessings of a spotless name:
 May no rude cares thy blest retreats annoy,
 But peace be thine with undiminish'd joy.
 Netherup. W. P.—s.

THE MIRROR.

A Butcher with a hand as hard as stone,
 And callous to an orphan lambkin's moan,
 Seizes his tated prey with horrid grin,
 And whistles while his knife he plunges in.
 Nell, who the scene beheld, with piteous
 look [pity:
 And shrugg'd-up shoulders, thus her feelings
 "That

"The barbarous wretch, thus unprovok'd
to spill
The blood of a poor lamb that ne'er did ill.
See how the little creature pants for life,
The murderer's jaws clasping the reeking
knife.

To do a deed like this, were I to gain
The universe—ev'n such a bribe were vain."
Thus Nell, with tenderness, exclaims and feels,
While all the time, good soul, she skins live
eels.

A BALLAD.

TO please me the more, and to change
the dull scene, [green;
My swain took me oft to the sports on the
And to every fine fight would he tempt me to
roam, [at home.

For he fear'd that my heart should grow weary
To yield to my shepherd so fond and so kind,
I left my dear cot and true pleasures behind;
And oft as I went saw 't was folly to roam,
For false all the joy was that grew not at home.

To flirt and be proud, was to me no delight;
I sigh'd for no swain, with my own in my
fight:

Then how could I wish all abroad thus to roam,
When love and contentment were always at
home.

Like the bird in the cage, who's been kept
there too long,

I'm blest as I can be, and sing my glad song;
I ask not again in the woodlands to roam,
Nor choose to be free, nor to fly from my home.

Ye nymphs and ye shepherds so frolick and free,
Who in roving now flutter the moment away,
Believe it my aim shall be never to roam,
But to live my life through and be happy at
home.

*Written by a Friend, upon the Death of Lady
Townshend.*

WITH down-cast look, and pitying eye,
Unarm'd the king of terrors stood;
He laid his sting and horrors by,

Averse to strike the fair and good;
When thus an angel urg'd the blow—

"No more thy lifted hand suspend!

To conscious guilt a dreaded foe,

To innocence a welcome friend.

Bright hosts of cherubs round her stand,

To her and me confest alone,

Each waving his celestial hand,

And pointing to th' eternal throne."

The angel spake—nor husband dear,

Nor children lov'd, (a mournful train)

Could from her eye attract one tear,

Nor bend one thought to earth again.

The soul, impatient of delay,

No more could mortal fetters bind,

But springing to the realms of day,

Leaves ev'ry human care behind.

Yet oh! an infant daughter's claim

Demands from heav'n thy guardian care;

Protect that lovely, helpless frame!

And guard that breast you form'd so fair.

Sept. 1770.

A parent's loss, unknown, unwept,
Thoughtless the fatal hour she past;
Or only thought her mother slept,
Nor knew how long that sleep must last.

When time th' unfolding mind displays,
May she, by thy example led,
Fly from that motley giddy maze,

Which youth, and guilt and folly tread,
These never knew the guiding hand

Which leads to virtue's arduous way.
Mothers now join the vagrant band,

And teach their children how to stray.
Her shall the pious task engage,

(Such once was thine, with lenient aid)
A father's sorrows to assuage,

His love with equal love repaid.
So shall she read with ardent eye,

This lesson thy last moments give—
"They who, like thee, would fearless die,

Spotless, like thee, must learn to live."

EPIGRAM.

CALIGULA, as hist'ry doth relate,
Once made his horse a minister of state:
He gentle was, his actions all were just,
He flatter'd not, and ne'er betray'd his trust;
He had no pension, never took a bribe,
Had no connexions with the venal tribe;
He liv'd contented on his corn and hay,
And squander'd not the public wealth away;
Had no ambition, serv'd no selfish end,
He got no riches, and he lost no friend:
Such were his virtues, and we must allow,
His parts were equal to our statesmen's now!

Wembury, Aug. 14, 1770.

F. T.

AN ELEGY

*To the Memory of the late Right Hon. W.
Beckford, Esq; twice Lord Mayor of
London.*

TO Fame let flatt'ry her proud column
raise,

And guilty greatness load with venal praise;
To Beckford's shrine these artless lines I pay,

And worth like his, with gratitude convey;
Such real merit thro' his conduct ran

Shew'd if he err'd, he only err'd as man.
But fate ordain'd him for the noblest things,

And sends him now to hail the King of
kings;

Before whose throne no sycophants appear,
To blast the pray'r which was deny'd him
here.

*The following EPILOGUE, written and
spoken by Mrs. Philippina Burton, after
her performing the Character of Constance
in the Tragedy of King John, at the
Theatre Royal in the Hay-market, having
been received with an uncommon approba-
tion, and having never yet appeared in Pub-
lick, we are happy in this Opportunity of
presenting it to our Readers.*

SOME transient hours of royalty, my
choice,

To bless my reign I court—the publick
Whilst

P P P

Whilst Constance fill'd th' immortal poet's
 scenes [means;
 She play'd like sovereigns—for ways and
 Felt all the wants that hover round a throne,
 Implor'd a *subsidy*, and beg'd a loan:
 A loan no minister can wash away,
 Nor all my stores of gratitude repay.
 We shall our true and loving subjects prize,
 Who raise so chearfully the new supplies;
 Convinc'd that ere a potentate can eat,
 The gen'rous nation must provide the treat:
 Five fleeting acts determine Burton's fate,
 A queen no more, but you are still the *state*.
 Here—the sage rows of legislators sit,
 The grave deciding commons of the—*pit*;
 Firm and unmov'd they hold the critic scales,
 Nor *precedent*, nor privilege avails:
 Ill fare the luckless actors that rebel,
 You incapacitate when you expel;
 Ineligible still must they remain,
 And in no sessions take their seats again;

You are the *lords* that honourably grace [the
 the boxes]
 The splendid box, and dignify the place;
 Sure that indifference must be polite,
 Scarce feel disgust, nor intimate delight,
 Oppose no votes, and think the commons
 right.
 A while indeed the populace may roar,
 And as the pit cries off, bawl out encore;
 Yet still the sentence works its way at last,
 The ayes must have it, and the culprit's cast.
 But truce with jesting; could my words impart
 The warm emotions of my feeling heart;
 Could language tell how very dear I prize
 Your favours, which above my merits rise,
 Th' applause which every gen'rous measure
 kept, [Sept.
 Whilst candour wak'd and rigid judgement
 Then should my tongue my sentiments reveal,
 And still repeat the gratitude I feel.—

THE MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER.

WEDNESDAY, August 15.



S four men were cutting down
 a meadow at Easby, near New-
 sham, Yorkshire, they heard
 a rumbling noise in the air,
 like to that of many coaches at
 a distance, but on its nearer
 approach, it appeared to be a whirlwind,
 which raised four of the swaths clean from
 the ground, and dispersed them so in the air,
 that they were no more seen; it afterward
 took its course through another hay field,
 about a quarter of a mile distant, and carried
 up six cocks of hay, and not the least remains
 of them were ever after seen. The next day
 they had a violent shower of rain at Middle-
 ton Tyes, which swept almost every thing
 before it. A park wall, belonging to Mr.
 Hartley, was broke down in several places;
 and the damage done in that neighbourhood is
 very great.

SATURDAY, 25.

An express arrived at St. James's, with an
 account of her royal highness the princess of
 Brunswick being safely delivered of a prince
 the 18th inst.

This morning their majesties honoured
 the regiment of artillery with their presence
 in the warren at Woolwich. His majesty
 came purposely to see some experiments tried.
 Their majesties were first taken to the royal
 laboratory, attended by Col. Desaguliers, and
 went through the different rooms there, where
 all kinds of military stores were preparing;
 which took them up about an hour. They
 then proceeded to the water-side, where sever-
 al shot were fired from an iron gun, by means
 of a lock being fixed to the vent: A sea fer-
 vice thirteen inch mortar was next fired three

or four times, entirely filled with pound shot,
 which had a very good effect. Their majes-
 ties next saw a heavy twelve pounder brass gun
 filled twenty three times with shot in a mi-
 nute, spunging between each fire, and loading
 with the greatest safety, which surprised
 every spectator, having far surpassed any
 quick firing ever yet practiced.—The method
 is entirely new, and supposed to be the in-
 vention of Col. Desaguliers. Previous to
 their majesties coming to the warren, they
 stopped on Woolwich common, where they
 saw several shells fired from mortars and how-
 itzers.

SUNDAY, Sept. 2.

It were greatly to be wished that stage
 coaches were put under some regulation as to
 the number of persons, and quantity of lug-
 gage carried by them. Thirty-four persons
 were in and about the Hertford coach this day,
 which broke down by one of the braces giving
 way. One of the outside passengers (a sell-
 monger in the Borough) was killed upon the
 spot, a woman had both her legs broke,
 another had one leg broke, and very few of
 the number, either within or without, but
 were severely bruised.

THURSDAY, 6,

Being the anniversary of Shakespeare's
 jubilee, was celebrated at Stratford upon
 Avon with uncommon festivity and rejoicing.

THURSDAY, 13.

Orders are issued from the admiralty office,
 to equip and completely man sixteen sail of
 the line, which are to have three months
 provisions on board: Their destination is not
 yet made public, but from this and other con-
 curring circumstances, it seems that if we are
 got in expectation of a war, our ministry at
 least

least wisely put themselves upon their guard : indeed, the amazing numbers of ships that are getting ready at the several ports of France and Spain, is a circumstance that demands cautious attention.

The committee appointed to give directions for the statue of the late Lord Mayor, met to receive drawings for that purpose, when they had sent to them 17 drawings agreeable to their advertisement : on examining each respective drawing, only two of them met with their approbation, which they kept in their custody. The artists to whom those two belonged were called into the committee room, and proved to be Mr. John Moore and Mr. Agostin Carleni, who will be entitled to thirty guineas each for the models they produce to the next committee, which will meet to receive them on Wednesday the 16th of January next ; at the same time, every model then produced will be received, and the preference given in the execution of the statue to that which shall appear to have most merit.

TUESDAY, 18.

His grace the duke of St. Alban's arrived in town from Brussels, having been out of England upwards of 15 years.

The right hon. the Lord Mayor gave an elegant entertainment at the mansion house to the common council of this city, at which a number of the guests complained they could get nothing to eat. However *Irish* this may appear, 'tis said that some of the members of the common council in one room had nothing set on their tables but the remnants from the tables in the great hall.

THURSDAY, 20.

Orders are gone to all the sea-ports in the Mediterranean to prevent any seamen of Great Britain from entering into foreign service, and to recal them home.

Most of the colliers homeward bound are put into Harwich ; the men having received information that press-warrants are out, absolutely refuse to come up any further.

Orders were received at the king's brew-house at Wevil, to begin last Monday, and to brew every day, Sunday included. Four ovens more than have been for some time, are likewise ordered to be opened at the king's bakehouse, and the bakers to work extra in baking of biscuit to supply the ships ordered for the sea.

FRIDAY, 21.

A cart upon a new construction was brought to the general post-office for carrying the mails. It is lined with thin plates of iron, and yet runs much lighter than any cart that has yet been brought to the office ; which, with its ingenious contrivance for the security of the bags of letters, has gained the approbation of the post masters.

SATURDAY, 22.

This being the anniversary of the coronation of their majesties, which is nine years since, the morning was ushered in with

ringing of bells, at noon the guns in the park and at the tower were fired ; after which their majesties received the compliments of the nobility, foreign ministers, and gentry at St. James's on the occasion, and the evening concluded with other demonstrations of joy.

MONDAY, 24.

It was reported, that this day at two o'clock an express arrived at the admiralty, with an account that the Spaniards had landed 500 men, and taken possession of Falkland's isle, and made our troops prisoners of war.

The masters of the English transports, under the command of the Russian admiral, now lying in the Downs, refuse to proceed to the place of destination, unless under English colours, which the admiral refused ; in consequence of which they are all gone ashore.

A late article in the public papers takes notice of a Turkish prophecy, which destines the overthrow of their empire for the year 1777. If this be real, and not imaginary prognostic, the Turks are alarmed not without cause, and the Russians have great room to hope for victory.

It is agreed by the ablest critics, the common computation falls 4 years short of true chronology. This makes the present æra 1774. Then, if this prediction takes place "when the date has three sevens joined together," it wants but two years and four months to BEGIN its completion.

The sword of *Mabomet* spread wide his imposture in a short space. His deceit has continued long ; wrought soul corruption wherever it came. It began with lying delusion, and made up its system of theology out of ignorance, superstition, rapine, *fleshy indulgence*, pretended reverence for GOD, and real blasphemy against CHRIST.

Their feet shall slide in due time. When a nation has filled up the measure of its guilt, and divine compassion will no longer forbear, it meets the appointed vengeance. *The iniquity of the Amorites*, said God, *is not yet full.* (Gen. xv. 16.) When it is, the *Amorite*, *Mabometan*, *Heathen*, *Papist*, *Protestant*, come to an end for ever.

How just, how worthy of GOD, to cause them to fall by vain prediction of their own, who have slighted the true word of prophecy ; and to affright by things that are not, such as reject JEHOVAH, *the brightness of his father's glory* !

If these reflections were communicated to the Russians, they might probably avail themselves of what has so greatly intimidated their enemies, and seems chosen by divine Providence a means for accomplishing the final destruction of the foulest falsehood, and greatest obstacle to the christian faith.

AMERICA.

New-York, July 16. Wednesday failed the earl of Halifax packet boat, with the mail for Falmouth. She carries orders from the merchants here for a general importation

of goods, except the single article tea (on which the duty laid by the parliament for raising a revenue in America remains unrepaid) and all other goods on which a duty for the like purpose may be laid. These orders are in consequence of a late alteration in the non-importation agreement, which, since the people of Boston and Philadelphia have refused their consent to, has been made, upon the subscription of about eight hundred of the inhabitants, which the opposite party, who were against the alteration, say, is but about a fourth part of the people who had a right to vote upon this occasion; but who, thinking the proceedings irregular, refused to sign on any side. They intend to publish a protest, with their names subscribed, as also of the principals on the other side.

The following letter, addressed to the printer, appeared in the New-York Journal of July 26, 1770:

New-York, 23d July. "In order to shew the sentiments the people in our sister colonies have of our late proceeding, in making an alteration in the non-importation agreement, which they and almost every body else consider as an absolute breach of it, sundry of your customers desire you will insert in your next paper the following copy of a letter, dated the 17th instant, from a gentleman in Philadelphia to his friend in the city, which will oblige, &c.

A NEW-YORKER."

"S I R,

"Your favour of the 13th instant came to hand too late to be answered by the return of the post—

"Words cannot describe with what surprise and contempt we heard of the treacherous conduct of the New-York importers.—Slaves they deserve to be, and slaves I could wish them to be, if it were possible without involving the innocent and unborn.—I hope the true-born sons of liberty (of whom I am persuaded you have many amongst you) will favour the world with the names of the ringleaders of so detestable a faction, that if any of them should be hardy enough to venture abroad, either to this city (which I'll promise them they'll not find a very agreeable place) they may be treated as they ought to be.—Don't you think it would be well, if, like Cain of old, they had each a mark set on them? suppose it was to indicate the disposition of their groveling souls?

We comfort ourselves here, that the virtuous among you will be industrious and successful in your endeavours to render abortive their diabolical machinations, in which you will certainly be assisted here, and I doubt not elsewhere.—The Virginians are highly irritated, and determine to have no connections with New-York, which name is now become so detestable, that I really pity you, and every other honest man who is obliged to wear it."

"We hear from Connecticut, that the tavern-keepers, throughout that colony, have fixed up a list of the names of the New-York importers, in all their public houses, and have unanimously determined not to entertain or afford them the least succour, aid or assistance, in passing through that government.

The Virginians have entered into an association to prevent the importation of goods from Great-Britain, which was signed at Williamsburgh on the 22d of June last by 168 persons.

Boston, New-England, July 26. On Wednesday last the general assembly of this province met at Harvard-College, in Cambridge, agreeable to his honour the lieutenant-governor's prerogation.

The house of representatives sent a committee to his honour, acquainting him that upwards of forty members were assembled at Harvard-Chapel; and that they were earnestly desirous that he would be pleased to remove the assembly to its ancient and legal place, the town-house in Boston.

After which his honour directed the attendance of the house in the philosophy chamber, where he was pleased to deliver a speech to both houses, in which is the following passage:

"If you shall persist in your refusal, I must prorogue you to some future time. Without further signification of his majesty's pleasure it is not in my power to remove you to Boston. But I flatter myself you will not persist. You will not leave it in the power of your enemies to hurt you. Your compliance can be no benefit to our sovereign, any further than as he interests himself in the happiness of his subjects. I am not thus importunate with you from any view to my private or personal advantage, for if I am faithful in the discharge of my trust, I shall have the same approbation, whether I am successful or not. It is the interest of the people only which is at stake. By persisting in your refusal you are most effectually deserting of this interest. You are even rendering more difficult the accomplishment of what you profess to desire and pursue."

Boston, August 6. On Tuesday last the house of representatives ordered that Mr. Hancock, Capt. Heath, Major Reed, Capt. Thayer, Col. Gerrish, Major Deane, and Mr. Hobson, do carry to the lieutenant-governor, an answer to his speech to both houses at the opening of the present session; in which they say, That the house having duly attended to his speech to both houses at the opening of this session, and maturely considered the several parts of it, have unanimously, in a full house, determined to adhere to their former resolution, "that it is by no means expedient to proceed to business, while the general assembly is thus constrained to hold the session out of the town of Bos-

And that upon a recollection of the reasons they have before given for this measure, they conceive it will appear to all the world, that neither the good people of this province, nor the house of representatives, can be justly charged with any ill consequences that may follow it.

On the 2d instant the lieutenant-governor sent a full reply to their answer, which his honour concludes thus:

"I called you together that you might further consider upon what by the constitution, as appeared to me, it was your duty to do, and to give you an opportunity of doing it. You came, very soon, to a resolution to do no business. If you had stopped there, I should have prorogued you without much delay; for I have no intention to compel you to any measure by *durese*, nor to cause any unnecessary charge upon the people, but you appointed a committee to answer my speech, which answer I did not receive until the eighth day after the meeting of the court. I have taken one day only for my reply, and shall now order a further prorogation. It will be happy for the province if, when you again assemble, you can join with me in what is necessary for its real interest."

His honour then prorogued the general assembly to the 5th of September next, to meet at Harvard-College, in Cambridge.

Extract of a Letter from Charles-Town, South-Carolina, June 29.

"There was on the 23d instant, as numerous a meeting of the inhabitants at Liberty-Tree, as ever had assembled there; who, after chusing Charles Pinckney, Esq; chairman for the day, came to several resolutions, *nam. con.* the purport of which is, that as the colony of Rhode-Island, and that of Georgia, have been guilty of a breach of their agreement, by importing British goods, therefore that all commercial intercourse and dealing between us and them, shall immediately and finally cease and determine, except, that such goods as are already ordered from thence, or are expected in payment by persons now actually residing in this province, may be landed and received, if they arrive in one month from this date, but not after.

That these resolutions should continue of force, and be inviolably adhered to, until we shall have received undoubted assurance, that the merchants and other inhabitants of Rhode-Island and Georgia have united in and will firmly adhere to the important measure of non-importation."

Charles-Town, South-Carolina, July 11. On Thursday last the statue of the right hon. the earl of Chatham, was fixed on the pedestal erected for it in Broad-Street, where that street is intersected by Meeting-Street, amidst the acclamations of a great number of the inhabitants. The statue is of fine white marble, the habit Roman, the right hand

holds a roll of parchment, partly open, on which we read, *Articuli Magnæ Cartæ Libertatum*; the left hand is extended, the figure being in the attitude of one delivering an oration. On the east side of the pedestal is the following inscription, in large letters:

"In grateful memory of his service to his country in general, and to America in particular, the commons house of the assembly of South-Carolina, unanimously voted this statue of the Right Honourable William Pitt, Esquire, who gloriously exerted himself in defending the Freedom of Americans, the true sons of England, by promoting a repeal of the stamp-act, in the year 1766. Time shall sooner destroy this mark of their esteem, than erase from their minds the just sense of his patriotick virtue."

A design is on foot to stop all commerce with the West-India Islands, unless they adopt the non-importation measures, similar to those of the American Colonies, to take effect from the first of November next, if the grievances complained of shall not by that time be redressed.

MARRIAGES.

August 23. CAPT. Nicholson of Greenwich to Miss Richards—
— Wilson, Esq; to Miss Eliz. Clarke—
— John Lumley, Esq; to Mrs Bentley—Col. Charles Webb, to Miss Heaver—28. John Fleming, Esq; to Miss Knightly, —
Woodnorth Esq; to Mrs. Jane Sinclair—
The Rev. Mr. Harcourt, to Mrs. Baker—
30. George Bowles, Esq; to Miss Hales—
John Galley, Esq; to Miss Anne Lourie—
Sept. 1. Mr. Thomas Preston, Shot-merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Macpherson—3. Mr. William Slater, wholesale Linen-Draper, to Miss Smith—4. Ruffel Skinner, Esq; to Miss Mary Page—Rev. Mr. Daniel Evans, to Miss Elizabeth Raven—10. Thomas Griffin, Esq; to Miss Betsey Wheeler—John Street, Gent. aged 87, to Miss Ann Marshall, in her 23d year—John Atterwood, to Miss Susanna Best—11. The Rev. Mr. Cuthbert to Mrs. Peirse—Mr. Myln, Architect, to Miss Mary Home—13. Benj. Shields, Esq; to Miss Elizabeth Blackburne—14. Mr. Swinerton to Miss Murrel—Thomas Blake, Esq; to Miss Hiscock—Capt. Joseph Wareham to Miss Nancy Godsalve—15. Mr. George Blakiston, Grocer, to Miss Anne Killet—16. Edward Perkins, Esq; to Miss Elizabeth Mandeville—John Hurtle, Esq; to Miss Ridding—John Whitehead, Esq; to Mrs. Minto—Charles Crowle, Esq; to the Hon. Miss Laycock—Jacob Houbleton, Esq; to Miss Archer—18. Capt. Francis Grant Oordon to Miss Mary Aston—Thomas Davenport, Esq; to Miss Steel—George Bently, Esq; to Miss Ann Worthington—Mr. J. Mathews, jun. to Miss Wilkinson—23. — Holmes, Esq; to Miss Maria Johnson—At

St. Jago de la Vega (Jamaica) the Hon. Wm. Harvie, Esq; to Mrs. Gale—24. The earl of Buckinghamshire, to Miss Connolly.

DEATHS.

August 23. **P**AGGEN Shaw, Esq; one of the trustees of Sir John Morden's college on Blackheath—James Serjeant, Esq;—The Rev. Mr. William Wroughton—Augustin Heckell, Esq;—John Allet, Esq;—24. Capt. John Chamberlin—Henry Sharp, Esq; Counsellor at law, of the island of Grenada—Abraham Cock, Esq;—Thomas Needham, Esq;—Mr. John Hanson, Teaman—Mr. Forward, Warehouseman—26. Mr. Garmeson, Grocer—Horace Pine, Esq;—James Blackwell, Esq;—Miss Frances Amelia Fonnerau—Mr. Walter Ruddiman, the oldest master printer in Scotland—29. Mr. Abraham Long, Wine-Merchant at Southampton—Mrs. Naish, relict of James Naish Esq;—In the 95th year of his age, Mr. John Matthews, Maltster, in Hereford—Mr. William Reeves, Factor—Mr. Croning, Wholesale Woollen-draper—Jaques Gregory Fountain, Esq;—Mr. Nash, Iron-monger—Richard Buck, Esq; of Lincoln's Inn—Mrs. Woolacot—Lawndey Sparhawk—Daniel Webb, Treasurer of Christ's hospital—William Roff, Esq;—Mr. Thompson, Jeweller.—James Bridges, Esq.

Sept. 1. Mr. David Field, Warehouseman—Mrs. Glasse—Mr. Bostock Toller, Attorney—4. Mr. Lardner, Surgeon and Apothecary—Mrs. Lilly—6. The Rev. Dr. Jortin Arch-deacon of London—Mr. John Glover, Wholesale Grocer—Charles Tudway, Esq;—The hon. Mrs. Elizabeth Hume Campbell—7. Capt. William Forrest—At Wells, Mr. Mills, aged 100 years and five days—Daniel Prince, Surgeon—8. Peregrine Harrison, Esq;—Mr. Thomas Faulkner, Hop Factor—Mrs. Sharp—Edward Brown, Esq;—The Rev. Mr. Francis Warre—Charles Ford, Esq;—James Draycott, Esq;—The Hon. Mrs. Cross—Dr. James Simpson—George Challoner, Esq;—11. Mr. Joseph Lebarre, Silk-throwster—On the 29th ult. at Savannah, in Georgia, William Greame, Esq; Member of the assembly, and late attorney General of that province—Edward Bellamy, Esq;—Will. Dent, Esq;—John Miller, Esq;—Rev. Mr. Griffin—Richard Hufsey, Esq; Attorney-General to the Queen—Augustus Smith, Esq;—Matthias Prince, Esq;—Richard Knollys, Esq;—William Willoughby, Esq;—Richard Hankins, Esq;—The Rev. Richard Lightohouse, Minor Canon of Canterbury—Thomas Barry, Esq;—Mr. Macky—Henry Dean, Esq;—16. Mrs. Bakewell—17. Mrs. Hopkins—Mr. Nathaniel Chapman, Timber-merchant—Thomas Purchase, Esq;—John White, Esq;—Mr. Van-de-Vall, wholesale Linen-draper—Mr. Charles Ashmall, Attorney—19. Mrs. Goring—James Lee, Esq;—Lieut. Dare—The Right Hon. William Annesly, Lord

Viscount Glerawly—Mr. Gale Morris, Stock-broker—Mrs. Crompton—20. Mr. Holdman, Corn-factor—Mr. King, Hop-factor

B--K--S.

ANTHONY Hillier, of Cirencester, in Gloucestershire, Mercer.
William Stevens, of Catharine Street, in the Strand, in Middlesex, Vintner.
John Page of Chamlois Street, in Middlesex, Mercer.
David Nelson, of St. Mary le Bonne, in Middlesex, Cabinet maker.
Thomas Jackson Cleveland, of High Holborn, in Middlesex, Haberdasher.
James Lewis Triquet, of Mason's Court, in St. Mary Whitechapel, in Middlesex, Dyer.
John Smith, of the City of Bristol, Soap boiler and Chandler, and late partner with Johah Ross, of the said city of Bristol, Soap boiler and Chandler.
Andrew Hearsay, of Botolph Lane, London, Merchant.
John Davies, late of Queen Street, in the Parish of St. Mary Rotherhithe, in Surry, Cyder merchant.
Alexander Jolly, late of Bath, in Somersetshire, Perfumer.
Stephen Barbut, of Spital square, in the Liberty of Norton Folgate, Middlesex, Weaver.
Henry Martin, late of Greenwich, in Kent, Carpenter.
John Hawkins and Christopher Byrne, of Woodstreet, London, Merchants and Partners.
Abraham Hake, of New Street, Hanover-square, Middlesex, Merchant.
Edward Folks, of the city of Coventry, Maltster.
Baxter York, of the borough of Leicester, in Leicestershire, Dealer in Wool.
Joseph Hesse, of Rupert Street, Goodman's fields Middlesex, Sugar refiner.
Ralph Turner, of Hitchen, in Hertfordshire, Pot-seller.
Lewis Mendes, of Crutched Friars, London, Merchant.
Isaac Moravia, of London, Merchant.
John Arnett, of Folkestone, in Kent, Rope-maker.
William Goodall, of Birmingham, in Warwickshire, Baker.
Samuel Crosley, of Cavendish Court, Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate Street, London, Merchant, Ship and Insurance Broker.
John Grace, late of East Bourne, in Suffex, Vintner and Cabinet maker.
Thomas Griffiths, now or late of Christopher Street, in the Parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, Middlesex, Coach-maker and Innholder.
Thomas Willson, of Coventry Street, in the Parish of St. James, within the liberty of Westminster, Haberdasher.
John Dore Hill, late of Botolph Lane, London, Carpenter.
Archelaus Rickcord, of the city of Exeter, Haberdasher of small Wares.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Aug. 17. They write from Dijon, that on Sunday the 29th ult. at five in the evening, three shocks of earthquakes were felt at Belley, and in different parts of the province of Bugey; the two first shocks, which were the worst, had two parallel directions from east to west, but no harm was done by them: They add, that the same day, at the same hour, two shocks were felt at Bourg, in Brelle, which particularly affected all the clockwork there. Letters from Lyons mention, that the same shocks were felt there also.

Paris,

Paris, Sept. 11. Madame Louise, his Most Christian Majesty's daughter, who has been for some time in a convent of the Carmelites at St. Denis, took the white veil last Monday. The dauphiness attended the ceremony. The pope's nuncio had an extraordinary character to represent the pope upon this occasion. His Most Christian Majesty, on that account, has made the nuncio a present of his picture richly set with diamonds.

Toulon, Aug. 10. A ship is arrived from Ajaccio in Corsica, from whence she brought 51 of the banditti of that island, who have surrendered themselves to the clemency of the king. The colonel of the regiment of Provence, who headed some piquets, made this capture at Orta, in the province of Tico, on the other side the mountains. They were conducted to the great tower, and one of their chiefs, named Benedetto, is among them. For these two years past no packet boats which arrive weekly here have come without some prisoners. The great tower is the place where they are confined, and they are afterwards sent to the Isle of Rhé, from whence they are transported to America. It is certain if this method is continued, that Corsica will in 20 years be peopled by a new race. No greater regard is paid to the clergy than to the laity, several religious of different communities having been sent to France.

While the parliaments of France, with all the vigour of great and liberal minds, are opposing the tyranny of the court in the affair of the Duke d'Aiguillon, the dependants of the crown are enforcing the will of their sovereign with all the arbitrariness of an eastern monarch, and all the violence peculiar to mean and little souls. In Brittany two of the members have been banished by letters de cachet. At Metz, Marshal d'Armentières entered the house, at the head of eight companies of grenadiers, and after tearing to pieces an arret of that parliament, banished several of the members to Vizoul. The parliament of Besancon having committed the king's attorney there into confinement, Marshal de Lorges, commandant of Franche Comté, went at the head of a detachment, and forced open the prison, and set the attorney at liberty. In this manner things are going on between the parliaments and the court; but as the parliament of Paris still continues its representations with vigour, and all the other parliaments seem to partake of the same spirit, it is not impossible but the court may find itself at last obliged to recede.

GERMANY.

Vienna, Aug. 4. We have advice from very good authority, that the plague has broke out in Podolia and Volhinia, and it is assured that our court has sent orders to reinforce the line of troops upon the frontiers, and to double the quarantine. There is no doubt of every precaution being taken to prevent the spreading of that distemper, but

it is apprehended that it will hardly be possible to keep it out of Poland on account of the troubles in that kingdom, which will render all the precautions made use of upon such occasions abortive. The Russian armies will likewise find it very difficult to escape this distemper, on account of the indispensable communication which the carrying off provisions occasions.

Vienna, Aug. 14. It is difficult to conceive how the waters of the Danube come to be so high as they are at present, when they used to be so low, especially after so hot and dry a season as we have had for some time past, and without any rain. They are so prodigiously swelled, that they broke loose a large raft, which being carried down by the current, struck against an arch of our grand bridge, and demolished it with a most terrible crash. There is undoubtedly some phenomenon in the bowels of the earth, which has occasioned this inundation; as not only the river, but also the springs, have furnished double the water they used to do.

Continuation of the War between the Russians and Turks.

The account which Gen. de Romanzow sent to the empress of Russia, of his late victory, is as follows:

"The Ottoman army, after having passed the Danube, came and encamped the 31st of last month (July) within seven werstes of ours, and in our sight upon the left shore of the Cahul, with an intention to attack us. The Khan of Crimea with all his hordes did not join the Turks, but he posted himself at first upon the borders of a rivulet, called Salzcha, opposite our left flank; but observing that Count Romanzow had detached a large party of horse and foot, to cover the provisions that were coming from Salzcha, he went to engage them in order to seize our provisions, and fall upon us in the rear; in which design he was defeated. Count Romanzow, notwithstanding the superior forces of the enemy, relying upon the bravery of his troops, began the attack at four o'clock in the morning; he forced his way to the enemy's camp, though surrounded by three entrenchments, and much better fortified than that upon the river Larga, under the command of the Khan of Crimea. He was obliged to fight his way through numerous brave troops, who had surrounded him at the distance of three werstes from his camp, and who were supported by a strong cannonade for five hours together. Count Romanzow, by the activity of his artillery and his musketry, and particularly by the good discipline and courage of his soldiers, who marched close with bayonets fixed at the end of their muskets, found himself at nine o'clock in the morning before the enemy's entrenchments. The Grand Vizir, far from being discouraged, made a sally with all his janissaries and the bravest of his soldiers, but they

they were entirely defeated. Then the Russians, in spite of the sword and fire of the Turks, forced their entrenchments; where the Grand Vizir being no longer able to stand his ground was entirely routed, and fled towards the Danube with Potocki and other confederates, who were but 25 werstes from it. The imperial troops took the whole Turkish camp, baggage and artillery, which consisted upon the first view of it of 130 pieces of cannon. The loss of the Russians is very moderate, and that of the Turks is considerable. The roads are full of the dead bodies of the Turks."

Extract of a letter from Leghorn, Aug. 20. "The following is the substance of letters received from Maëta, dated the 29th ult. That two English ships are arrived at Maëta, under the command of Capt. Bodie in the Russian service, from the channel of Scio. The captain declared, that on the 6th of July, the Russians having followed the fleet to the channel of Scio, found them at the bottom of the gulph Liberno, where it being resolved to attack them, they formed the line. Count Alexis Orloff was in the center, with three birnates; Commodore Greig, Admiral Spiridoff, and Admiral Elphinston, commanded on each side; Count Fedor Orloff was with Admiral Spiridoff, who quitting the line attacked the captain Bashaw's ship of 90 brass guns, and came so near that the Russian mariners and soldiers tore the Turkish standard from the stern, and having thrown a quantity of grenades, &c. into the Bashaw's ship, set her on fire; but her masts and yards grappling with, and falling on the Russian admiral's, she also took fire, and was blown up half an hour afterwards; happily the admiral, his son, Count Fedor Orloff, and 24 officers, got clear of her in time, and saved themselves in the barge. The Turkish fleet consisted of 15 large ships, two large carvelli, five xebecs, and eight half galleys. The Russian fleet was composed of nine ships of the line, two frigates, and two packet-boats. The said action happened on the 5th, O. S. On the 6th the Turks erected batteries on shore to defend their ships, and the Russians prepared four ships to burn them. About midnight the fire-ships sailed towards them with four line of battle ships to defend them; but a bomb, with artificial fire, falling on a large caravella, set her on fire, which communicated to, and burnt all the other ships, except Zafir Bey's, of 70 brass guns, five half-galleys, and a number of smaller vessels which were all taken the next day, the 7th ult. by the Russians. Most of the Turks saved themselves on shore, but the Russians have recovered and taken about 400 christian slaves. Admiral Elphinston sailed directly afterwards with his squadron for the island of Tenedos, to block up the Dardanelles.

Frontiers of Turkey, Sept. 4. The siege of Bender is continued with great vigour,

The besieged made a general sally in the night between the 11th and 12th ult. when the slaughter was great on both sides, there being at least 1200 men killed. However, the garrison were repulsed; and a Russian colonel of Hussars, named Lepler, pursuing them, entered the same gate, but was there killed, and that stroke saved the fortress. The besiegers having had information from the prisoners of there being several mines and magazines, are now proceeding by sap; and this will retard the taking of the place, which, nevertheless, must fall, having no succour to hope for, if the Grand Vizir does not pass the Danube, and especially as the Tartars of the country have submitted to the Russians.

A letter from Italy, dated Aug. 17, says, "All the artillery which the Turks had landed at Scio, and some other Islands, for the better defence of those places, is fallen into the hands of the Russians. The Turks who escaped, and flew to Smyrna, after the total defeat of their squadron, have massacred all the Greeks they found there."

Venice, August 29. The letters from Constantinople bring, that there has been a revolt in that capital, in which the French ambassador, after enduring the greatest insults, was murdered with all his retinue. The ministers of the other foreign powers escaped by flight, and the Porte has granted a guard of a thousand janissaries to the Venetian ambassador. [The letters from Vienna and the Mayn confirm this insurrection, with the following particulars, that one ambassador and three hundred christians were slain, and that the Dutch ambassador made his escape disguised like a sailor.]

Warsaw, Sept. 5. The ad instant courier arrived here with an account that the whole Crim Tartary had renounced all alliance with the Turks, and had thrown themselves under the protection of the Russians, preserving still their own liberty, their customs, and privileges. General Berg was sent thither, and this great work is owing to his good management. The Crim Tartars more readily agreed to do this, as they were very angry with the Turks for sending them a Khan, who always agreed to the Turkish desires without consulting the Tartars.

NOTE to our CORRESPONDENTS.

OXONIENSIS has been inserted in another Magazine; it will not, therefore, answer our purpose.

Mr. Seally's poem is received, but came too late for the present month.

We are glad that the articles, which received the Reviewers, have proved agreeable to the correspondent who acknowledges himself as author, but we cannot insert his letter as it is a manifest puff for the books he mentions.

A variety of correspondents are received, who shall be attended to as early as possible.